

# Conquest

## (猎国)

### Arc 3

### Untitled Volume

### Dancing

### (跳舞)

#### Story Description:

A powerful minister who does not seek to usurp the throne is not qualified to become a powerful minister ... “One day my face will be printed on the imperial gold coin!” – Shaar Thunder

In the south of the continent was the old but powerful empire – Byzantium. In the north was the Odin Empire and in west the Island country Atlantis. These three Kingdoms formed a triangle on the continent. In the buffer zone between the borders of the three countries – In the wilderness of the primal wildfire– was a youth of unknown origin– Shaar, a child who was adopted by an old man who was the descendant of the Tulip family.

Under the strange training of this old guy, Shaar mastered a pair of amazing skills. After the old man died, Shaar started to climb the hierarchy from a “hillbilly” through a journey of magic and conquest!

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

# Chapter 101: An amazing shot

## Part 1

Not only was Shaar thinking that way, even Sky Raider had a premonition.

With Shaar on his shoulder, he entered the wilderness and didn't even want the horses anymore. Sky Raider who was already injured and hadn't rested for a whole day, walked with Shaar on his back for half a day. Layers of sweat were already collecting on his bald head.

While walking slowly, Sky Raider breathed heavily. The goblins were a race that wasn't made for running, since their inborn thighs were short. For Sky Raider, although he was a rare goblin that was tall and burly, walking with Shaar on his back while injured was too much for him.

Finally, after walking for half a day and just when they sat down to rest for a moment, Hasting appeared!

This time, Hasting wasn't even riding his horse and no one knew where he hid the black warhorse. He came alone and held a worn-out, rusty knife in his hand – he unexpectedly picked it up from a goblin that he killed!!

Carrying the knife, Hasting slowly walk slowly closer and his face had a trace of a cold smile.

Bursting out a cry, Sky Raider threw Shaar to the ground and lifted his iron staff while roaring in the distance.

As Hasting came closer, he grabbed his cloth and started to gently wipe the knife. His step got quicker and quicker. When he was less than twenty steps away from Sky Raider, he suddenly started to run!

Grasping the hilt with his both hands, Hasting issued a fierce scream and his body flew high into the air like a bird. The blade reflected a glimmer of sunlight from the dazzling sun and before it struck down, a transparent black already engulfed the edges!

As Sky Raider roared while lifting his iron staff, he suddenly heard a bang! Hasting's knife cut on the iron staff's upper part and Sky Raider roared with a trace of pain. Both of his feet sunk deeply into the soil until he was ankle deep into the ground! Flames gushed out as the knife's blade cut on the staff, and Sky Raider was releasing that battle ki resembling faint light to resist. Although weak, it stubbornly resisted the corrosion of the black flame! With a wrist flick, Hasting slid the knife down along the iron staff. The harsh scraping noise transmitted from the knife and it continued to slide on the staff, until it cut Sky Raider's fingers! Sky Raider roared loudly and immediately let go of one hand and swept away with the other while holding the staff. Hasting instantly pulled back the knife to block, causing a malicious collision!

Sky Raider continued to roar loudly and his voice resonated in the surroundings. He swung his iron staff vertically to pound his enemy, but Hasting acted relaxed and danced around the opposite party's shadow, while easily penetrating past the iron staff. With a painful scream, several cuts appeared on Sky Raider's armor and green blood immediately started to flow.

After receiving several cuts, he suffered a painful lesson and staggered back a few steps while madly wielding his iron staff to push Hasting away. Half of his body was already dyed with his green blood and his foot started to lose balance. Using his iron staff to support his body, he gasped heavily for air.

Hasting did hurry to kill and readied his knife while coldly looking at Sky Raider. A hint of dark flame slowly and quietly burned on the blade that was left behind by a dead goblin. It was already total wrecked and the exchange a moment ago had given this knife's edge numerous cracks and dents. However, with that flame burning around it; even this obviously broken knife seemed to have been turned into a godly magic weapon!

"Among goblins, you would be considered a powerhouse." Hasting gently wiped away the green goblin blood on the knife and looked at Sky Raider with his feminine eyes: "However, if it wasn't for me being afraid

that you'd injure my horse Black Fire, I wouldn't have wasted my time on you! With your skill level, you don't deserve to be my opponent."

Shaar who was in the back got anxious and shouted loudly: "Sky Raider! Free me! You cannot beat him alone!!"

Sky Raider stared with his green-bean like eyes for a while and took a breath. After forcefully spitting out a mouthful of blood, he suddenly turned around and rushed towards Shaar. Grabbing a dagger from his boots he cut off the tendons that tied up Shaar's feet and hands!

Hasting didn't stop him and coldly watched them.

As soon as Shaar was free, he immediately jumped up and furiously moved his hands and feet. Sky Raider didn't say a word and gave the dagger in his hand to Shaar.

While holding that dagger Shaar's heart felt somewhat helpless .....His peerless sharp fire pitchfork had being snatched earlier by a goblin, but he soon died afterwards and his weapon was lost on the road. Luckily, that pendant still hung on his neck. Probably because that pendant looked so black, like a worthless stone, the goblins weren't interested in it.

At least .....he could still use crimson rage ki with the pendant on him. Perhaps otherwise, with his own ability, he couldn't even block one of Hasting's hit.

At a time like this there wasn't much to talk about. Shaar raised the dagger and stood shoulder to shoulder with Sky Raider. Smiling, Hasting raised his knife and approached step by step.

Sky Raider roared and rushed forward to attack head-on and swung down his iron staff while creating a huge wind. Hasting readily struck the iron staff with his knife, bending it in the process, but Shaar already dashed towards him with the dagger in hand!

Two people, one equipped with an iron staff and the other with a dagger, one long, one short, both started to fight Hasting!

Sky Raider furiously roared and his iron staff flew around madly and the strong wind blew past Hasting's clothes. However, Hasting actually didn't

seem to care as his body evaded lightning quick and occasionally used his knife to parry, while easily blocking the staff. On the other hand, Shaar was tricky and poisonous, as this guy wielded his dagger with crimson eyes. He hid himself behind Sky Raider's body and attacked more vigorously compared to the goblin. He would sneakily approach and stab, then after the strike pull back. However, Shaar didn't have the Dragonscale's protection and with only the Dragonblood, he couldn't completely resist Hasting's black flame. He also didn't dare to shoulder everything with his body and could only run back and forth while sneak attacking.

For a time, these three people fought each other, but Hasting actually acted leisurely and carefree. Casually swinging his knife, he left one scar after another on Sky Raider. Although Shaar dodged faster, he still suddenly received a wound on his arm. A few moments later, Hasting swung his knife wilds, but Shaar couldn't dodge fast enough and could only use his dagger to block. With a cling, the dagger immediately broken and even Shaar's wrist suffered an injury. If he didn't dodge fast enough he would have probably lost his arm by now.

## Part 2

Seeing Shaar in a pinch, Sky Raider helped him to block Hasting's second slash on his own initiative; however, this attack unexpectedly cut his iron staff in two! The initially already damaged iron staff suddenly broke from the impact. Hasting sneered, seeing that there was an opening on Sky Raider's chest. With an additional slash, he chopped apart Sky Raider's armor and caused a wound so deep that the bones could be seen! With a pitiful scream, Sky Raider fell backwards and became anxious in his heart, fearing that Hasting would finish him off! Seeing that Hasting moved forward to follow up with another slash, Shaar didn't think too much and leapt forward to grab Sky Raider and push him to the ground. The knife's blade flew towards Shaar's back as he fell on the ground....

Hasting suddenly grunted and a strange light flashed through his eyes. He instantaneously flipped his wrist to turn away the blade and smashed Shaar's back with the hilt. Immediately, Shaar started to spurt blood

which spilled on to Sky Raider's head.

The two fellows rolled on the ground and Shaar felt a severe pain running through his body, as if it was falling apart. How would he be able to stand? As for Sky Raider, his chest was covered with green blood and he seemed to be in a pathetic state. He wasn't even able to shout anymore and could only muster ouke, ouke with "wife" occasionally mixed in.

Both of their skills weren't bad and Shaar could display Crimson Rage ki. With his currently power, he could be compared to a medium-ranked warrior and Sky Raider's strength was even a bit stronger than his. However, as they fought Hasting, they got severely wounded and defeated, while not even scratching off the oil on Hasting's leather armor.

Putting down his knife, Hasting looked coldly at his two opponents and just when he was about to say something.....

Suddenly, a piercing "phew" noise could be heard!

A fierce light suddenly erupted from Hasting's eyes as he turned his knife to slash out!

With a clang, an arrow was split in two by his knife and fell in the sky! Half of the arrow pierced the ground and still quivered a bit!!

Hasting squinted his eyes and turned his head to look back! In the distance, there was a figure, not even a hundred meters away, and no one knew that it had arrived behind them!

Looking from afar, that person was shrouded in a black coat and the head was wrapped up by a black shawl. It carried an arrow pot on its back that had a dozen long arrows and its arms pulled a long bow!!

Once Hasting saw this person, a strange light erupted from his eyes and he maliciously swung his knife. Taking a deep breath, he shouted loudly: "So it's you!!"

From afar, the figure silently took two steps forwards and quickly drew an arrow from behind. While resting the arrow on the bowstring, the arrowhead immediately reflected the sunlight.

Hasting's face suddenly became dignified and after taking a deep breath, he positioned the knife in front of him.

The person from afar once again released the bowstring and the light shot towards Hasting, arriving in less than an instant. Hasting's eyes stared in circles and with a loud shout, his blade welcomed the advancing arrow, before cutting it in the air. Bang! A mass of bright light exploded and the black flame protected Hasting's whole body as he retreated a few steps backwards.....

After being pushed back seven to eight steps in one breath, the knife in his hand only had half of its blade remaining!

Taking a deep breath, Hasting looked at the person in the distance, before taking a glance at the broken blade in his hand. Suddenly, a trace of a strange smile appeared on his face and he raised his voice to shout: "Do you want to keep these two fellows alive?"

The person in the distance didn't reply and drew another arrow, before placing it on the bowstring.

Hasting grunted and suddenly threw the broken blade on the ground and shouted: "Good! I give you this favor! Remember! This is the last time! The favor I owe you, is now repaid!!"

Finishing his sentence, Hasting looked at Shaar, who was on the ground, before turning around and leaving with big strides. Only after he walked dozens of steps away did the talented person in the distant slowly put the bow down. After walking dozens of meters, Hasting burst out laughing and as he laughed, his body suddenly accelerated, before quickly vanishing in the wilderness.

Only now did Shaar feel a bit relieved, but confusion lingered in his heart as he looked at the person in the distance that had suddenly appeared.

The person waited until Hasting went away and disappeared without a trace, before putting away the long bow, while slowly walking towards them two.

The person didn't walk very fast and what made Shaar even more surprised was that, while walking, the person took slow steps and moreover, limped a bit. It actually seemed as if this fellow had some disabilities!

The mysterious person that shot such an amazing arrow was unexpectedly a disabled person?!

Only when the person came closer did Shaar finally clearly see its appearance.

This person wore an astonishingly long black shawl that hung to the ground. Under the shawl was closely fitted cowhide armor that hid a pair of well formed breast and a fine waist that resembled a wasp. Both its legs were slender and long. Once this person approached, Shaar noticed that it was a woman!!

Moreover, this woman, whose head was wrapped by the long black shawl, had some strands of light purple hair, exposed at the edge. What was more bizarre was that her face was half covered by an iron mask which completely hid her left cheek. The right cheek that was exposed revealed an eye that shone a beautiful cold light. Her skin was white and as fair as jade. Her face outline was gentle, her nose straight and her chin was slightly pointy. With such a face, even if only half of it was revealed, according to the standard of an average man, it could be seen as so beautiful that it would move people's hearts. If she was willing to remove the mask, only heaven would know how high her beauty could reach!

Only.....with Shaar's aesthetic standards.....Hehe.....

While crossing the hundred meters of distance, she slowly limped her way towards them and actually took some time to arrive. When she finally stood in front of Shaar and looked down, he finally noticed that her right eye, which was exposed, unexpectedly also had a light purple pupil. Within the purple of her pupil, there was a beautiful and bewitching black. The corner of her eye was slightly raised and her eyes appeared indifferent.

When this woman approached, her hands that wore archery gloves took



down a leather bag from her waist and threw it in front of Shaar. After looking at the opposite party, Shaar grabbed the bag and the moment he unscrewed it, he smelled a strong medicinal ointment smell.

“Medicine?” Shaar probed.

The woman nodded and half of her lips which was exposed stayed tightly pursed. Her purple eye stared at Shaar’s face, before suddenly shaking her head and sighing.

Struggling to sit up, Shaar squeezed out some medicinal ointments from the bag. After sniffing it, he rubbed it on the spot on his body which was cut by the knife, and though, before throwing the bag towards Sky Raider who was lying on the ground.

Sky Raider groaned and sat up. Seeing that he was weakly panting for breath, Shaar simply walked towards him and helped him wipe the medicinal ointment on his chest.

Exactly at that time, the girl suddenly took off a cloth bag from behind and threw it in front of Shaar. When Shaar opened the bag and looked at the things inside, he immediately beamed with joy!

Inside the cloth bag was his fire pitchfork and the two pieces of Dragonscales that the goblin stole!

# Chapter 102: All repaid!

## Part 1

“You .....how could you be in possession of those?” Shaar grabbed the fire pitchfork in his hand and his heart suddenly calmed down. With this sharp weapon, he would have the chance to go all out if Hasting came back.

He immediately put the Dragonscales between the layers of his clothes and struggled to stand up.

With a cold expression, that woman pointed at Sky Raider who was next to him, but Shaar couldn't understand what her gesture meant. The woman suddenly frowned and pulled out a short sword, throwing it at Shaar, before pointing at Sky Raider again.

Shaar understood, but continually shook his head: “No! It saved my life.”

The woman slightly knitted her eyebrow and faintly grunted. This was the first sound that she made; her voice was both clear and sweet, however, it was also extremely cold.

She no longer paid attention to Shaar and turned around to find the flint of life that was inside her leather bag. After randomly gathering some firewood, she soon ignited the pile. She then took out another item that was wrapped in cloth and untied it; something the size of an egg was revealed. It had initially been a mass of deep green that was as hard as stone, however after placing it over the fire for a while, it quickly softened into a sticky paste. This woman then brought out the short sword and separated a part of it with the blade, before giving that to Shaar. She then pointed at Shaar's wound and he immediately understood. After applying this sticky paste onto his injury, the burning sensation was immediately replaced by a cool feeling.

Shaar was still completely puzzled in his heart. He had the urge to speak several times, but this woman's complexion was cold as an iceberg –

it was not only fear he felt when he sat next to her due to her expression, but it seemed as if he could feel a strange coldness radiating from her that didn't let others near her. Although this woman only revealed half of her face, it wasn't exactly pretty (Shaar's standards). Shaar wanted to start talking, but when her cold eyes swept over him; his words were immediately stuck in his throat.

When Shaar wanted to give a bit of that medicine to Sky Raider, a slight hint of dissatisfaction appeared on that woman's face as she looked at him in full disapproval, before saying coldly, "My medicine, precious."

This female's voice was really pleasant to hear, but she spoke like a dead person without any warmth; there was no emotion at all.

She then wrapped the remaining medicinal ointment with care and stowed it away. After picking several dry branches, she lit up the fire and sat down by the fire.

Shortly after the small fire became a blaze, her pale snow white cheeks finally showed a trace of color and looked alive. Summoning his courage, Shaar opened his mouth and said, "Ehm, I would like to know, who....."

This woman took down her bag and pulled out several meatloaves, sliced it into pieces with the blade and started to roast them over the fire. When she heard the question, she snorted and didn't look back while coldly replying, "No need to waste your breath, I know you are Shaar, the cavalry captain of the Praetorian Guards of the Rhodelia Cavalry regiment. Right?"

"I am." Shaar groaned, "Who are you?"

The woman didn't reply and gently rotated the blade to roast the meatloaves evenly over the fire. She then spoke slowly, "I followed you for two days. When Hasting caught you and left the town with you in tow, I knew about it. However, I didn't expect that his speed would be this fast, I nearly lost you."

Followed me? Shaar couldn't help but get a bit curious. This woman wasn't weak if she managed to follow Hasting!

“You had been caught by this goblin and I was hot on your heels. Because Hasting is extremely powerful, I didn’t dare to rashly appear, otherwise.....”

Shaar smiled, “Didn’t that guy get scared off by you?” He couldn’t help but look at the longbow on that woman’s back. However, that long bow was actually wrapped real tight in a black leather sheath.

“He wasn’t scared off by me.” That woman shot a look at Shaar and coldly rebuked, “He is more powerful than me. If it were a frontal fight, he would at most need ten moves to defeat me. Within thirty moves, he would be able to take my head.”

Shaar spat his tongue.

Ten moves to defeat her and take her head under thirty moves?

Thinking about himself, from the several times he faced off against Hasting, he had already thoroughly experienced his full power. If he fought against him, let alone thirty moves, Hasting could probably take his head while riding on a horse in three to five moves!

As if she had completely seen through Shaar’s thoughts, an ice cold light flashed unexpectedly in her eyes, “You don’t need to be surprised. With your strength, being able to block several of his attack and not die could be considered as having a bit of skill! Hasting is known as the strongest expert in the Odin army. With his strength alone, he was already a high ranked ninth level warrior. With such skill, even if taking into account the whole continent, there were only a handful people who achieved that. “She deeply gazed into Shaar’s eyes and casually spoke, “Ah, your strength should also be at medium rank.”

Shaar shook his head, muttering, “I am not sure.”

This woman handed over a piece of roasted meatloaf, but Shaar hesitated, before accepting it. He then thanked her in a low voice. He was also really hungry and didn’t care of that it was hot while swallowing it after few bites. This woman looked awkwardly at Shaar’s lack of etiquette and frowned. He then turned around to continue to roast the meatloaves.

With a fully stuffed mouth, Shaar babbled incoherently, “Then, why did Hasting run away?”

The women snorted and didn’t turn head while replying frostily, “You sure are curious .....He and I knew each other and we had dealings with each other before, ah.....He owed me a favour, but it was fully repaid today. The next time we meet again, we will fight to the bitter end.”

Shaar listened and grew even more curious, “You, who are you? Why did you save me?”

The woman snorted and threw the last piece of meatloaf towards Shaar. Holding it in his hand, he hesitated a while before ripping it in half and giving it to Sky Raider who was next to him. Sky Raider had been badly weakened, having seen the meatloaf, he glanced at Shaar and didn’t speak. Whiningly, he then took a big chunk of it into his mouth.

“If it was my own intention, your life has nothing to do with me. However, seeing that you are a soldier of the Rhodelia Cavalry Regiment, I couldn’t let you die no matter what. Therefore, you don’t need to thank me, but you must be thankful of your status as a soldier of the Rhodelia Cavalry Regiment.” When the woman finished speaking, she suddenly let out a gentle sigh.

The woman stood up and glanced into the wilderness. “After you finish eating, we will leave. I will deliver you to Primal Wildfire Town then, my matter will be completed.....Let’s go! I can’t be accompanying you in wasting time! If you can’t walk, crawl!”

Although Shaar was injured, only managing to stand up by enduring the pain, this woman’s temper was extremely cold and immediately, she started to walk. When her limping was noticed by Shaar, a trace of arrogance appeared in his heart. This woman, with a leg like that, compared to my perfectly built legs, would I still be unable to follow her?

## Part 2

While enduring the pain, Shaar followed in behind. After walking for a little while, he turned his head to have a look and saw that Sky Raider

was actually limping on his heels. With a hand covering his chest wounds, he continued to shiver with a extremely grim expression.

Shaar sighed and turned his head, before shouting: “Hey! You don’t need to follow us anymore! Go back to your tribe by yourself!!”

Sky Raider didn’t reply, but his face revealed a firm and resolute expression, while continuing to move.

Shaar frowned and turned around, before taking several steps: “I am returning to Primal Wildfire Town, why are you still following me?!”

Sky Raider finally shook his head and screamed: “Wife! My wife!”

Looking at this goblin’s determination, Shaar couldn’t help but get dumbfounded.

Seeing Sky Raider’s unusual infatuated passion, if it was a normal goblin that showed this much determination and passion, it would have made Shaar give birth to some sympathy. However, Shaar knew that the “wife” of which Sky Raider constantly spoke of was actually a handsome male goblin.... Thinking about it, he couldn’t help but get a strange feeling in his heart.

Shaar accelerated his speed and thought that if he left quickly, he could throw off this fellow. That guy would then naturally give up.

However, even after following that woman for several hundred meters, he noticed that Sky Raider was still tenaciously chasing them, when he had turned his head. On his bare chest, the medicine paste was mixed with the green blood and became a complete mess. This goblin still revealed a fierce face and clenched his teeth to walk forward.

Feeling somewhat sorry after all, Shaar stamped on the ground and cursed: “Forget it! This uncle owes you a life! I cannot see you die like this!”

Running back, he supported Sky Raider with an arm and screamed: “I will tell you now, I will bring you back to Primal Wildfire Town, however your wife doesn’t want to be with you. I can bring you to see him and if he is willing to go with you, I am not going to stop him. However, if he is not

willing, you can't force him."

Sky Raider snorted and kept his silence.

That woman led them and walked for a while, before passing through a forest. She then pulled two warhorses from the grove and it was obvious that she had prepared them before.

When she turned around to look at Shaar and Sky Raider, there was an obvious impatient expression on her face. The half cheek that she exposed seemed as if it was covered by a layer of ice cold mist. The initial beautiful appearance turned as cold as an ice sculpture. She suddenly pursed her lips, turned around to walk backwards. After approaching within two steps distance, she suddenly pulled out a short sword, spoke something and suddenly stabbed forward with the sword!

The shiny blade flew towards Sky Raider's neck!

Shaar's complexion suddenly changed and shoved away Sky Raider. Pulling out his fire pitchfork with his backhand, he immediately blocked and with a breaking noise that woman's short sword was cut apart. Angrily, Shaar shouted: "What are you doing?!"

That woman looked motionless and replied: "Kill it."

"Why?" Shaar asked annoyed.

".....Burden." Each word coming out of that woman's mouth seemed as cold as frost bites.

Full of anger, Shaar readied his fire pitchfork and roared: "No! It rescued my life!"

The woman frowned and intensely stared at Shaar, her eyes were so cold that they didn't have the slightest trace of emotion. Shaar bit the bullet and they stared at each other for a little while, before the woman finally turned around. She then quietly put her short sword away: "Since you are willing to bring this goblin, you will share a horse with it. If you are unable to follow halfway, I will not wait for you. If Hasting chases after us, I will also be the first to run away."

Shaar felt pressure on his chest and was angered so much by this woman that he became speechless. He then grunted, and put Sky Raider on the horse, before mounting it himself.

When this woman had said that she wouldn't wait, she was serious about it. During the whole journey, she galloped with high speed and didn't care about whether Shaar was able to follow or not. Since she was woman, her body was naturally lighter. Shaar and Sky Raider, who were following behind, were much heavier than her, their horse's speed gradually dropped by a big margin. This woman however, ignored them and continued to hurry at full speed. Shaar was miserable beyond description and didn't even have time to stop for rest. As the time grew, the bumpy road opened the wound again. When that woman finally stopped for some rest, she saw that Shaar was catching up from behind and didn't show the slightest trace of pity. After she had rested enough, she stood up and mounted the horse while not caring the slightest whether Shaar was still alive or not.

After consecutively following her for two days, where Shaar had ridden almost around the clock and didn't even had time to eat or drink in order to reluctantly chase after that woman, he finally saw the city wall's outline of Primal Wildfire in the distance on that night. That woman suddenly stopped her horse, dismounted and waited for Shaar, who was panting for breath, to catch up.

"We have arrived."

The women suddenly coldly announced: "I delivered you here, now you need to dismount and walk by yourself."

For the past two days, Shaar had suppressed a lot of anger and if it hadn't been for the fact that she had rescued him, he could have already started cursing.

With a gloomy face, he dismounted and put Sky Raider on the ground. After taking a look at the women, he took a deep breath and said: "No matter what, please tell me your name to let me know to whom I owe my life to."



Riding on her horse, the women silently looked at the city wall of the Primal Wildfire Town in the distance. It seemed as if she was in a trance and for a moment, it looked like as if a trace of sadness could be seen flashing on her face. However, this trace of emotion quickly dissipated.

After a long period, that woman took a deep breath and looked Shaar in the eyes with a chilling aura, once more. She then pulled something out of her bosom and threw it on the ground in front of Shaar.

When Shaar lowered his head to take a look at it, he couldn't help but get shocked.

It was a badge! A plate made of brass, with a layer of gold wrapped around the corners. It had a hexagonal pattern and shockingly, the banner of the 13th Cavalry Army was carved on the surface!!

"Help me pass this onto Adrick." The woman gave off a cold smile and continued: "Everything what I, Sylvia, owe the 13th Cavalry Army and as well as to Adrick are now all repaid!! From now henceforth, I no longer am a Rhodelian! Also no longer a Byzantine!"

Finishing her sentence, the woman suddenly waved and shot her short sword. It directly stabbed into the ground and split the badge into two!!

With a sneer, the women no longer looked at Shaar and pulled the reins of the other horse. She then slowly rode away and actually never turned her head again.

Shaar stared at the broken badge on the ground and after being gawked for a while, he finally recovered.

Sylvia....

Sylvia!

Sylvia?

She was Sylvia? Adrick's previous battalion captain of his Praetorian Guards?

Sylvia.....was unexpectedly a woman?!

# Chapter 103: Arrested

Primary Wildfire Town had already become a chaotic mess.

The news that Bonfret was killed had alarmed the military headquarter. Moreover, this knight was killed together with all the high-ranking officers of Primal Wildfire Town, in the garrison building. The scene was so horrifying that once people saw it, they were unable to muster the courage to look at it for second time.

Bonfret's corpse was split into four-five pieces and had completely decayed. His initially beautiful skin was burned by Hasting's black flame and now turned into a disturbing pile of coaled meat. The garrison officer had his upper half body smashed apart and the soldiers, who had gathered up the dead body, spent half a day to gather all the pieces from the wall, ground and table. However, they were still unable to piece together a complete corpse. As for other military officers, their corpses were also split into four-five pieces. If they put the remnant body parts of the three military officers together on the same place, they were barely able to form a complete person.

This shocking event, made the empire's military headquarters lose face.

When the news of defeat spread, the empire ministers received a big shock. They had lost two-and-a-half Regular Armies, and even the iron army, which was known for its prowess in battle, was included. The 13th Army lost more than half of its men and such a disastrous defeat was rare over the recent years.

During this time of crisis, Bonfret's performance became the last big triumph of empire's ministers.

Being able to do single battle on the battlefield with Odin's most famous Lord of War Hasting, after personally issuing the challenge, and wounding him during a fair duel.

Ever since Hasting appeared, he brought one defeat after another to the Byzantine Empire, creating a record of shame. No one was able to overcome the nightmare of Byzantine on the battlefield. However, this

time, someone actually wounded the terror of Odin!

Getting this opportunity, how could the military headquarters not seize this opportunity to create an unbridled propaganda, in order to raise the morals after the defeat and simultaneously deal with the wrath of the supreme Emperor in Osgiliath?

Initially the plans had been arranged and were in full swing. A literal elegant combat report had been publicized to spread it magnificently in the Royal Capital. Story about the soul-stirring showdown between Bonfret and Hasting had been posted everywhere. It shook the heaven and earth! The two big experts fought each other and their killing techniques were vividly described.

It was exaggerated to such extend, that if you would have witnessed it and looked at that combat report, you would certainly think that perhaps 10,000 years ago, when the Demon Emperor and the Human's strongest Dragonknights had their final showdown, would pale in comparison to this.

The military headquarter made up their mind to make a star out of Bonfret. They would at least have a poster boy as a guardian keeper! They needed an idol. The people needed an idol. The army needed an idol!

The propaganda had already started and would succeed as long as Bonfret arrived at the military headquarter, the emperor would personally give this hero to a medal while holding an important medal-awarding ceremony.

Then once this hero returned to Royal Capital, they would hold a triumph ceremony where even his highness the crown prince complied to attend. And in front of ten thousand subjects for Royal Capital, the Emperor would award him this empire's hero flag.

However, now.....Now Bonfret unexpectedly died!

Moreover, he was shamefully assassinated!

Hasting, that hateful, dreadful abomination Hasting! The nightmare of the armies of Byzantium Empire! He actually single-handedly slaughtered

through the garrison building of Primal Wildfire Town, and not even hundred armored guards could stop him! Crashed in the banquet hall and imposingly killed Bonfret, as well as the garrison officers of Primal Wildfire Town were slaughtered cleanly!

He then rushed through the long street with his horse while blazing through a bloody trail when over a thousand soldiers blocked his way and arrogantly left the now famous sentence: “Odin’s Hasting has executed Byzantine’s warrior Bonfret!!”

His horse then trampled across the long street and forcefully broke the city gate with several hundred garrison troops in front of him!!

His attitude was so soaring, that it was arrogant to the extreme!!

Bonfret, who was known as the “one who wounded Hasting on the battlefield”, was slaughtered like a chicken. As a result, how could the military headquarter continue to propagandize?

The previous effort of propaganda suddenly turned into a fierce slap that smashed against the military headquarter’s face!!

Not mentioning the other thing, the emperor suddenly interrogated in the Royal Capital: Didn’t you say that this fellow wounded Hasting? How can he be killed in such a humiliating way?!

How could they reply?!

The subjects inside the Royal Capital, who had been hyped by the propaganda, suddenly turned to anger. How would they manage to calm them?!

The farce, simply turned into a farce!!

Additionally, the internal military headquarter felt the crown prince’s personal anger.....

When Shaar returned to Primal Wildfire Town, martial law had already been declared and the soldiers completely occupied the street while carefully questioning everyone that passed by.

This action was too laughable – Hasting had already killed his target

and retreated, would he come again? However, this kind of fake action was taken serious by the military.

Only after Shaar had spent all his strength, he entered the city with an injured goblin. After finally proving his own status, he entered and arrived at the camp where his subordinates were waiting. Sarbar and the other were already restless and if it weren't for the strict military order that didn't allow soldiers to leave the town, Shaar's companions would already have been affected by their emotions and went out to rescue him.

As for not allowing the army to leave the town to search, the explanation of military was: The garrison officer had been killed and the city was in chaos. To prevent Hasting's army from suddenly capturing the city, the army was ordered to be on standby and guard it; no one was allowed to move as they wished!

This damn order really made Sarbar and the others enraged while waiting.

“Are the brains of the people at the military headquarter filled with straws!! Hasting came alone! When we sent people to pursue, perhaps we will have the opportunity to kill that guy!!”

Sarbar applied medicine to Shaar while cursing angrily.

When Shaar finally returned to the side of his people, his heart calmed down. He sighed and said with a smile: “These guys are frightened by Hasting. Let's not forget, the 2nd and 9th Army were attacked and slaughtered by Hasting.”

The day before Shaar returned, the military headquarters already sent a special envoy accompanied by 1000 cavalry soldiers. They rushed to Primal Wildfire Town and had already taken over the control of the defense.

“The situation was too strange,” Sarbar said worriedly while looking at the entrance. He then whispered, “After last night when that special envoy came, the first thing he did was sending people to surround our place. Although it wasn't forbidden to come and go out, it was obvious that they were monitoring us while staying on alert. This is so f\*cking

strange, Bonfret that chicken got killed, but why are they monitoring us! It's not like we killed him!"

Holding his breath, Shaar shook his head. He then grasped for cold air and sneered: "Don't forget that our order was to protect that ass-selling pretty boy. Now that he got killed .....Our mission ....."

Sarbar furiously roared: "That bastard went to the garrison building by himself and admitted to them. We haven't even seen his face. Now that he died, they will blame the responsibility on us?!"

"If not blaming us, who will they blame?" Shaar cursed: "All the garrison people died and after such a big incident, I only fear that they must find someone to blame for it."

Shaar's prediction was very accurate. Only two hours after he came back, he heard that it got noisy outside while he was in bed. Sarbar angrily shouted and his voice was the loudest.

Shaar got out of his bed and when he opened the door to walk out, he saw in the courtyard that a dozen of his men were confronting a team of Imperial squad. The two sides were tense and the atmosphere was extreme dangerous. Sarbar blocked in the middle and carried a huge sledge hammer in his hand as he cursed: "Bastards! Who dares to touch the people from our Rhodelia Cavalry Regiment! If you dare to take another step, this uncle will smash your head!!"

The military officer from the opposite party was also unyielding and announced loudly: "I have military order on me, who cares if you are the Rhodelia Cavalry Regiment! Even if you are people from the Nightfall Guardians, we will still comprehend you!"

Shaar walked out and gently patted Sarbar's shoulder. He then pushed him away and looked at the officers of the opposite side: "What's the matter?"

The opposite officer put away his sword and looked at Shaar, before asking: "Are you the Cavalry Captain Shaar Thunder?"

"I am," Shaar snorted.

“You and your men bore the heavy responsibility of protecting Sir Bonfret, and because he was assassinated by the enemy, you are suspected of serious misconduct of duty. I follow orders to bring you back to accept the interrogation and military investigation! If you disobey the orders, in accordance with the imperial law, I have the right to execute you! If someone obstructs military orders, they will all be prosecuted as criminals!”

Shaar’s heart was burning with anger and he maliciously stared at the military officer. After all, he went through a war and reaped lives like wheat. He even faced Hasting directly and the current situation couldn’t even compare to it. His eyes that were full of anger swept over and the opposite military officer immediately felt weak from this imposing manner. Hesitating, he still grasped his long sword and closely gripped it as if they would kill them without further negotiations.

Shaar suppressed his anger and looked at the men on both sides. The opposite party was clearly prepared and a dozen of people had rushed into the courtyard. Outside the courtyard, the front door was open and from one look, he could see numerous people’s shadow holding swords and clad in armor.

“Humph, a chicken when dealing again the enemy, but when dealing against your own people, you actually get some guts!” Shaar’s disdainful expression dyed the military officer’s face completely red and he couldn’t help but breath out several times. However, he still braced himself and said:”No need to talk wasteful words. Shaar Thunder, are you going to accept the order or revolt against the command!”

Finishing his sentence, he carefully stared at Shaar.

Hearing these words, the nearby cavalry soldiers shouted out and the soldiers confronting them immediately got anxious. They stared at Shaar, waiting to see how this fellow was going to act.

# Chapter 104: Imprisoned Hillbilly

If only taking into account Shaar's temper, he didn't really give a damn about some stupid officer position or anything else in Byzantine Empire; therefore, he could just walk away. Although the opposite party had a large number of soldiers, ordinary attacks couldn't harm him against his physical strength that got enhanced by dragon blood. Combined with the Dragonscale, his unparalleled fire pitchfork, and the short bursts of crimson rage ki that could destroy the hardest defenses – although opposite party had a lot of men, but it didn't look like there was a powerful expert. If he used force, he could run away without a big issue.

However, his status right now was different. If he wanted to run, once it started, his comrades from the Rhodelia Cavalry Regiment wouldn't sit by and do nothing. Inevitably, they would certainly draw their swords to assist. Once the fight started and he ran away, he only feared that his cavalry brothers would receive the punishment for him! They were citizens of the Byzantine Empire and had families to feed. They would get prosecuted under military law.....

Taking a deep breath, Shaar's complexion gradually calmed down. He raised his hand and that military officer immediately got anxious, before taking several steps back while holding up his sword.

Shaar revealed a scornful smile and put his hand on Sarbar's hand. He then pushed down the sledge hammer in Sarbar's hand and took two steps forward: "I will go with you."

The nearby cavalry soldiers immediately created an uproar and Shaar suddenly turned his head, before fiercely shouting: "Stop with all this bullsh\*t! Shut up!!"

His eyes then swept over the cavalry soldiers and slowly said: "What do you guys want to do? Kill the officer and revolt? Don't forget your own status. Ah.....I will go with them and I ask you to take care of all the other things!"

Sarbar immediately understood. The friendship between this uncouthly



man and Shaar was very deep. He immediately replied: "You can rest assured, if they want to go against us Rhodelia people, I will ask the general first if he allows it!"

Shaar looked at the army and said with a sneer: "Need to tie me up?"

The officer hesitated and replied: "No need. I will just lead you back for the investigation if you accept the arrest."

Shaar snorted: "Then, can I bring something with me?"

"You are not allowed to bring weapons, armors and horses." The officer thought a bit and continued: "You can bring some clothing."

Shaar pulled out his fire pitchfork with his backhand: "This does also count as weapon?"

The officer took a look at it and saw that this black fire pitchfork was a typical common tool to work the furnace. Although he was somewhat puzzled, he shook his head: "My Lord must be joking; this is naturally not a weapon. However, it is a metal tool....."

"This is something I hold very dear. This is the only relic that my foster father left behind." Shaar shook his head while saying.

The officer considered for a moment. This fellow was willing to cooperate after great difficulty, since no fight broke out, what harm could a broken metal pitchfork do? He immediately nodded.

Shaar changed his clothes and brought a luggage wrapped in cloth with things inside. He then gave it to these soldiers to inspect in order to determine that he wasn't carrying any hidden dagger or other iron tools with him.

Shaar then exhorted Sarbar: "That goblin saved my life, take care of him. After his wounds are healed, if he wants to leave, let him."

Immediately several soldiers surrounded Shaar and left with him. Outside were several hundred fully-armed Byzantium infantries and they also gripped Shaar, before making him board a carriage going in formation. Before getting on, that officer whispered a sentence in Shaar's

ear: "I also respect the Rhodelia Cavalry Regiment, this time I got the military order and had no other way. I am sorry to offend you!"

The hillbilly was always open to persuasion and never gave in to coercion. If others were polite to him, he would also politely reply back. After hearing this, he nodded and didn't utter a word inside the carriage.

Soon, the wheel began rolling and departed under the protection of the infantry.

Behind them, the cavalry soldiers pursued until the end of the street. Sarbar was so mad from anger, that his whole became flushed. While screaming, he angrily pounded his sledge hammer on the ground and maliciously stamped his feet. The other cavalry soldiers all had different expressions, some were angry, while other were depressed.

"Return to the barrack! Get ready to move out and immediately send an urgent report to the delay station for the general!!"

The cavalry soldiers withdrew and went back to prepare.

Tatara was the last one to leave, but the magician's face had a hesitant expression.

The hillbilly got imprisoned.....uh, should I find a way to inform Her Highness Adeline? Oh .....what should I do.....Her highness didn't allow me to reveal her identity.....

Shaar initially thought that there were some harsh interrogation methods awaiting him. Torture like beating, leather whips, hot iron, tiger bench, dipping in chilli pepper water and other things that were mentioned in the legends.

In any case, he had a body that was strengthened by Dragonblood and there was no fear in his heart. As long as he found an opportunity, he could make an escape and when that time came, his brothers should have already left Primal Wildfire Town to return to the 13th Cavalry Army. With Adrick's protection, they wouldn't be in any danger and when the time came, he would just escape from prison. The sky was high and sea wide. Bird could fly and fish swim. In worst case, he would wait until the

Byzantine Army had withdrawn and go back to become a magical beast hunter again, or try his luck as mercenary. He would be happy with that lifestyle as well.

However, the interrogation he expected, never arrived.

The carriage bought him to a courtyard in the city and it was directly on the same street as the garrison building. The courtyard had thick wall and two teams of armored infantry guarding it. Shaar was taken to the innermost of the building, to a room with a bed and table. Shaar was informed that he would wait here for the punishment of the military headquarters.

The officer who had brought him here even sent someone to quietly bring him a woollen blanket before leaving.

In any case, Shaar was put under house arrest.

He was told that as long as he didn't leave the room and go inside the courtyard, he had his freedom of movement. However, after staying here less than two hours, a strange officer with a wax yellow face and unfriendly appearance came. He put on a serious expression, as if someone owed him 100 gold coins and put a heavy stack of paper, as well as a feather pen with an ink bottle on the table.

"Write all the details in here about your misconduct of responsibilities while escorting Sir Bonfret, also how he was assassinated inside!"

After saying this, this fellow left.

After being dumbfounded for a moment, Shaar burst out laughing and naturally didn't pay any further attention to it. He wrapped himself in the blanket and started snoring while sleeping.

During the evening when he woke up, he discovered that there was a food plate on the ground at the entrance. On it, there was a kettle filled with water and three meatloaves. Shaar gave up on the cold water and swallowed half of a meatloaf. He then sat in front of the table and looked at the stack of papers, but his belly suddenly made some rumbling noises. Quickly, he grabbed a handful paper and ran into a shack behind the

house. After half an hour, he sighed and came out satisfied. As for the papers, naturally.....

After the first day when someone came to bring him the paper to make him confess his guilt, there had been no one who paid any heed to him afterwards.

Three meals were constantly brought every day and although it was just some crushed meatloaves with water, the hillbilly had experienced harder times before. Right now, he had a roof over him and was protected from wind and rain. Every day, someone delivered him food and after realizing that, he actually felt somewhat comfortable here.

As for confessing for his crimes, of course he didn't write down a single word. He continued to eat and sleep or stayed idle in his room. Out of boredom, he would speak to Dora in his mind to kill the time.

Dora naturally regarded Shaar's situation much more cynically, but the hillbilly actually seemed exceptionally calm during this situation.

It could be said like this; the Byzantine Army didn't beat, kill or put him on a trial. They were actually raising him like a pig in captivity and Shaar started to understand the happy life of a pig.

Although, the meals weren't good, it was still better than depending on the old man in the past. As long as he had a meal to eat, it was already like heaven for him. The only regrettable thing was that he didn't have any liquor to drink.

Because of this, Shaar didn't worry about escaping. If he ran away, he must live in the wild and where would he find such a cozy place?

Sometimes, the hillbilly couldn't help but think:

Ahm, if the Byzantine Empire imprisonment was this comfortable, this uncle could just simply stay in prison for two years and spend some simple and comfortable days.

After continuing this for a dozen days, finally, 15 days after Shaar was put under house arrest, someone came to visit him at noon.

Shaar just finished eating his lunch and threw himself on the bed. For half a month, his days were spent too easy and Shaar even felt that he had gained weight. He patted his belly full of satisfaction, before the door was shoved open and a person walked in from the outside.

This person had a large stature, huge appearance and a round face. His smiling eyes squinted to a line when he came to look at Shaar and said: “Look at this little Shaar being so comfortable. Did you know that people almost overturned the heavens outside for you?!”

Seeing that someone had come in, Shaar jumped out of the bed with a leap.

“Rabbit Gene.....No, General Ruhr?”

The person who had come in was Ruhr and it seemed as if he had become thinner, during the interim period. Holding his arms, he strode in and casually sat on the bedside. He then stared Shaar in the eyes, before shaking his head and saying: “It seems like I was right. This kid is really a heartless guy. Did your days pass comfortably inside here? There is food, water and sleep. No need to kill on the battlefield. From what I see, your face radiates a healthy red and your cheeks got much rounder. If this continues, I only fear that you will catch up to me.”

Shaar laughed and also sat down, while holding his head as he leaned against the bed: “General Ruhr, what are you doing here? Did the military send you here to interrogate me?”

Ruhr’s eyes widened and although he made some intentional exaggerating expressions, but the happy expression in his eyes couldn’t be hidden away: “Interrogation! Stop cracking jokes! You stupid lucky boy! Your fortune just exploded! Which son of a bitch in the military headquarters would dare to interrogate you now? Aren’t they afraid of being cursed to death?”

After talking, he patted the bunk and shouted: “Alright! Let’s stop the nonsense. Gather up your things and come with me!”

Shaar replied with an “ah”, and just when he subconsciously started to pack up, he suddenly got a change of heart. Listening to the vague cheap

words of this rabbit general, this hillbilly sat once again on his bed and put on an expression of a rascal, while looking at Ruhr: "Hm! If you want to imprison me then do so. If you want to free me, free me! What sort of person do you think this uncle is? If you don't talk clearer, this uncle will stay here and not leave! I won't leave! I am determined not to leave!!!"

He was actually unexpectedly thick-skinned and crawled on the bed while using his hands to grab both edges of the bed. He buried his head and yelled: "I am not leaving! This uncle is not leaving! If you don't give me a clear explanation, don't think of making this uncle leave this place!"

# Chapter 105: The Feud became big

When this hillbilly suddenly started to play the rascal, Ruhr became somewhat helpless. Revealing a face like someone with a toothache, he grinned: "You punk, I am sacrificing my face to take you out and you actually end up making it hard for me."

Ruhr made an effort and tried to pull Shaar up. However, now that this sly hillbilly had recognized a small advantage in his heart, why would he be willing to get up? After pulling for a while, Ruhr, who didn't have this hillbilly's inhuman strength finally ran out of breath. Full of ridicule, he said: "You sly fellow. Sure enough, this uncle wasn't wrong about you. Although you have an upright and honest face, you have more cunning in your head than I did when I was your age!"

Shaar tightly clung to his bed and smiled: "I got imprisoned for more than ten days for no reason, if it was someone else wouldn't there be some resentment? You guys want to imprison people when you like, and then free them just like that? If it's like that, this uncle will just throw away his status. At the worst, I will go back to the mountain and become a hunter. I am not a Byzantine citizen in any case."

Ruhr frowned as he was helpless against this guy. He finally sighed: "Alright! You sit down first, I will talk about it and you only need to listen. However..... You must keep your mouth shut and not say a word about it. Just pretends not to know about it.

While talking, the fat fellow sat down and stared at Shaar. He then sneered twice: "You don't know, right now, your name has already spread to Osgiliath! No matter which military headquarter or even on the table of His Majesty in the imperial palace, there are copies of the report on your background! In brief, in a few words. . . . You are currently in the limelight and after Bonfret died, the fact that he falsely claimed the medal for your deed was exposed. The military headquarters couldn't save its honor and His Majesty was furious. In the end, the deputy minister of military affairs has been severely scolded by His Majesty. The commander-in-chief of the military headquarters also took the blame and

resigned. Moreover, more than a dozen high-ranking officers in the military have been forcefully punished. The news spread yesterday, the deputy minister has written his resignation letter and His Majesty has approved it! All of these events, because of you!”

“Me?” Shaar pointed himself on the nose.

Since he was only a hillbilly, the people with the highest status he had previously seen in his life were General Adrick and General Ruhr. Certainly, Odin’s Hasting was also one of them.

However... The deputy minister of military affairs of the Empire? Such a big shot, he only heard about him in the past. However now, he unexpectedly. . . . Had to resign his post because of him?

“Anyway, His Majesty was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with some of the old men in the military headquarters in recent years. He seized the chance to get rid them by taking advantage of this matter. He used you as an excuse. There was some high-level power struggle involved here, even if I tell you, you won’t understand.” Ruhr smiled bitterly and lowered his voice: “To be honest I am also ‘responsible’ for this matter.”

“I am not afraid of telling you the truth. Initially, making Bonfret fraudulently receive your military exploit was my idea. I wasn’t trying to harm you, instead, it was for your own good .....You offended that pretty boy on the battlefield and although that he was an idiot, he was favoured and trusted by his highness the crown prince. You ungrateful kid unexpectedly offended him severely. Even in the protection of the tyrannical Adrick, facing against the future Emperor, it is impossible to hide. Therefore, I thought of a way to calm Bonfret’s anger. He would receive the military exploit, however you accompanied him on that day to face Hasting and became a witness this way. Once the medal was given, his matter would be closed since it is not possible to reverse a verdict again! In that case, Bonfret obtained the benefit of the medal and would get its honor. However, he wouldn’t be able to act against you since you were the witness of his medal. Instead, he would even try to find a way to protect you..... “



When Ruhr arrived at this part, his face tightened but he continued with a forced smile: “However, who would have thought that Hasting was so courageous and arrogant that he unexpectedly rushed to our rear single-handedly to kill that pretty boy Bonfret.”

Shaar touched his head and laughed hollowly: “No wonder, at that time even General Adrick didn’t say anything about this matter. It turned out that he wants what’s best for me. However, I don’t actually care.....From the look of it, this medal is not easy to obtain. Bonfret that idiot, if he didn’t seek the fame of wounding Hasting, then he wouldn’t have become his target.”

“This matter is something to be talked about later.” Ruhr rubbed the fat on his face: “You were imprisoned because the military simply wanted a scapegoat. After you were arrested, your men ran back with the news and Adrick was furious. If I haven’t noticed that things were not right and went with him to the military headquarters to calm him down, I only fear that he would have drawn his sword to duel with the guys of military headquarters. Ah, this fellow really cares for you a lot. However, this tyrannical general usually lives up to his name. When coming across this kind of matter, he normally twists an arm or leg of someone. Furthermore, this defeat had cost the 13th Army half of its men. He wasn’t as energetic as he usual is. Once I saw that things were not looking good, I grabbed him to discuss a solution. The military could only punish you with the prerequisite that Bonfret was a hero! Since that was the case, this matter could be easily handled!”

Shaar smiled.

“Then we assembled all the officers of the 13th and my 6th Army in jointly denouncing Bonfret and spread that he has fraudulently received the medal. First, we spread the news and made outside know that you were the person who truly wounded Hasting on the battlefield...”

The fat fellow pinched Shaar and smiled deceitfully.

“Under normal circumstances, it would be impossible for other regiments to do something like this. Once the Imperial Army put out an

order, normally nobody dares to speak out. However, in the 13th Army, Adrick immediately hoisted the flag of mutiny and the men of the 13th Army immediately follow with him. Therefore, once this trouble came out, the news quickly transmitted to the Royal Capital and it didn't give the military headquarters time to respond....”

Shaar opened his mouth: “Which means...”

“Which means, right now you are a hero, boy!” Ruhr stared at Shaar, but no matter how you look at it, his eyes had a trace of evil intentions: “Hasting became so famous because no one was able to wound him on the battlefield. For so many years, you are the first!”

Pausing for a moment, Ruhr sighed: “To be honest, this is a shame that we Byzantine soldiers carry. In the Byzantine army, the military officers are more accomplished in military strategy and tactical aspects. Being recognised in martial arts was no longer important. However, the Odins live in a barbaric country. In an army, if a leader's martial arts is insufficient, he wouldn't be able to suppress his men.”

“His Majesty was frantically searching for a chance to move against the military headquarters and this matter gave him an exceedingly good excuse. Receiving fraudulently military exploits was neither big nor small. There have always been such matters in any imperial army. However since it was investigated by His Majesty, no matter how small the excuse, he could find an infinite amount of good method. Let alone, this time the military headquarters had dug a big hole for itself! They prepare everything to give a good hand to Bonfret and made the stake high. His Majesty now took the advantage of this opportunity to push; they didn't even have time to clean after themselves. The pit that they dug was used to bury themselves.”

Shaar nodded and pointed at his nose again: “Then... I am vindicated?”

Ruhr happily smiled: “Not only will you be released, but there is also a big merit waiting for you to take. However, this whole event will also put you in an extremely dangerous position.”

When Ruhr talked until here, he finally restrained his happy expression

and put on a serious face: “In face of those strives, those who are caught in the middle never end well! You are currently a sword in His Majesty’s hand, used to stab the old geezers of the military headquarters. Although you have been released, this matter caused the deputy minister of the military affairs to resign and a group of high-level officers to be punished, demoted, removed and transferred.....These people don’t have the skills to cause trouble for His Majesty, but a small ant like you is a completely different matter!”

Shaar’s complexion abruptly changed.

“Congratulations, after enlisting in the military for just several months, you haven’t even set a foot in the Royal Capital but a third of the people in the army have heard your name, and their teeth would start itching from hate. Making so many enemies quickly, after thousands of years, you can be considered the first who achieved this in the Byzantine army!”

“Hey, fatty, your smiling face is very treacherous!” Shaar stared at him.

Ruhr snorted: “Your situation is very dangerous. The people in military headquarters hate you. Your name is already known by those old geezers, no better said— on their blacklist. However, the army has its own tradition. Even if they want to go against you, these old geezers have to be cautious because of their status and limits. At best, they could make you suffer some hardship and at the worst they would reward you for the military exploit by giving you a position at some godforsaken place to let you rot. They would make you fend for yourself, but if you want to rise, they would make it difficult for a lifetime. However, for a small hillbilly like you, I guess you probably don’t care about these things.”

Ruhr guessed right, this hillbilly didn’t care in the slightest.

In any case, he wasn’t a citizen of the Byzantine Empire and didn’t really have a lot of senses of belonging to this country. As for the things like getting a promotion and getting rich, he didn’t think too much of them.

Ruhr then took a deep breath: “However, there is another person hates you! If it was just the people from the military headquarters moving

against you, I would not too worried about it. However – this guy hating you, this is what has Adrick and me worried the most!”

“Who?”

“Who else could it be? Idiot!” Ruhr scolded one and then cautiously looked at an entrance while saying in a low voice: “His Highness our crown prince, the Empires’ future Emperor! That Bonfret was his guy, ah, according to the rumours, they shared a bed! Right now his beloved man was killed under your protection. Moreover, because he tried to receive a medal fraudulently and the story broke out, after dying, it brought ruin and shame upon his name. You tell me, who can that crown prince not hate you?”

# Chapter 106: Uncontrollable rage

After Ruhr disclosed this secret, Shaar who thought of this scheme finally put away his doubts. In order to coax this little hillbilly, Ruhr was forced to disclose the real events.

For example:

“The current plan for you is to go to the military headquarters to accept the award. Then his Majestic will give out the orders and personally reward you. Therefore, after you and I return to the military headquarters we must immediately ride to the Royal Capital Osgiliath. Ah, I happen to have also received orders to return to the Royal Capital to report on my activities. You and I will travel together and as for the matters that you need to pay attention to, I will naturally explain it to you. As for the benefits... before His Majesty meets you, it is the same as having the protection of the Imperial Emperor! Understood? Right now, you are a sword in the hands of His Majesty to strike those big shots from the military headquarters. Therefore, now that you entered the sight of His Majesty, even if other people aren't pleased with you, they can't act against you. This time, you can open your mouth and ask for some big rewards. As so long as it doesn't go too far, the military headquarters would want to settle this matter as quickly as possible. They will try to satisfy you as much as possible to settle the quarrel and make peace with the parties involved. As for what kind of rewards to request, I think I don't need to teach you, right?” The fat fellow pinched his chin and stared at Shaar: “I think you have quite the talent for fleecing out as many benefits as possible.”

Shaar issued some hollow laughs. An old and young guy looked at each other while suddenly thinking of a similar thought: This boy/gramps is no good.

Shaar packed his things – in fact, there wasn't anything to clean up. He took his fire pitchfork and clothes and followed the fat man as he left the courtyard where he was put under house arrest for 15 days.

The original two teams of soldiers guarding outside the courtyard had already withdrawn. The moment he went out, Shaar took a deep breath. The winter would soon be over and the warm feeling of sunlight was getting increasingly more comfortable by the day. Enjoying the weather the hillbilly stretched himself.

Shaar knew already this squire's degree of "loyalty" and didn't bother to even look at him. He threw his clothes towards Tatara and said: "These are the clothes I used for the past few days, go wash them clean as soon as possible."

Tatara held a pile of dirty clothes, where several underpants and smelly socks were mixed within. While continuously cursing this hillbilly inside his mind, Tatara's face became even more respectful and didn't show it the slightest.

Although the hillbilly hadn't suffered any hardship for the past several days, but according to Ruhr, they must look for a tavern to drink and have a good meal first to get a change of scenery when he came out of his "prison". Shaar who had eaten meatloaves for more than ten days already had an uncomfortable feeling in his mouth. Moreover, someone is treating him to drink, why would he decline?

Looks at this fat Ruhr, he was sure that he wasn't some kind of honest guy. His pockets must certainly be filled with gold, who wouldn't eat from him?

They immediately went to Aunt Sofia's husbands' tavern inside Primal Wildfire Town, the one that was open by that One-eye.

On the road, Shaar discovered that the streets of Primal Wildfire Town had restored a bit of its past liveliness. Then they passed the crossroad of Black Alley, he could see from afar that most stores had opened their businesses on both sides. Some stalls had also reappeared on some roadsides and people of various types and clothing had appeared in the Black Alley. It was already somewhat similar to the liveliness of the past, but to completely restore it, it would probably need some more days.

Ruhr let the majority of his Praetorian Guards return to the camp and

only left several to accompany him. When Shaar and the others arrived at the tavern of the One-eye, they heard too familiar noisy sounds when they entered the front door.

The loud shouting and cursing almost lifted up the roof.

They only saw that the tavern was already scattered in confusion. The tables and chairs were blown all over the place, the counter was full of broken glass jugs. Even the iron hanging lamp was already smashed upside down and the lamp oil spilled on a table. The oil was burning and dozens of people were brawling. Curses could be heard and broken glasses flew back and forth, many guests were hiding under the table to avoid the airborne “hidden weapon”.

Shaar who was walking at the front was shocked when he saw this scene after he entered.

In Primal Wildfire Town although brawls were very common in taverns, generally speaking, everyone was quite law-abiding. Even if some people really hated each other and had to compare strength, they would resolve it on the street. After all, everybody spent their time in this town and altogether there were several of such taverns in the town, if they really smashed one then the other owners wouldn't let them enter in the future.

However, he didn't know what was happening today. The entire tavern had turned into a massive brawl and a dozen soldiers in Byzantine Empire uniform used table legs as clubs to violently beat on eight guests. Those taking a beating were actually old customers in this tavern.

What made Shaar most surprised was the One-eye and owner of this tavern was unexpectedly also knocked on the ground!

With one look, he saw a 30-year-old Byzantine military officer whose whole face was flushed. His eyes revealed his drunkenness and in his state of intoxication, he was mumbling and shouting out curses. While encouraging the violent beating, he held a stick in the air and waved it around.

When Shaar saw this scene after coming in, how could he still act polite? He was also someone from the Primal Wildfire Town. Immediately

curled up his sleeve and rush towards them with a cry! When Shaar started to join in, it was as if a tiger suddenly jumped into a flock of sheep. In an instant, he arrived in front of the military officer and kicked the chest of opposite party. With a pitiful cry, the military officer flew backwards and his body pounded into the wall. A large dent was immediately left in the plank wall.

Shaar pulled up the One-eye and pushed him to the side then seized a wooden club from a nearby soldier's hand. When that soldier saw Shaar wearing a military uniform, he thought that they were reinforcements. Who would have thought that this fellow would kick their officer first?

During the moment of shock, the weapon in his hand was taken by Shaar and with one swing it pounded towards his arm. With a snapping noise, his arm bone was immediately broken and this soldier pitifully screamed in pain while holding his upper arm as he rolled on the ground.

"One-eye, what the f\*ck is going on here?" Only now, Shaar found time to ask. The several soldiers nearby surrounded him and before this one-eye had time to speak, Shaar turned around as a club from the opposite party smashed on his shoulder. Grinning, Shaar looked at the amazed expression of the soldier in front of him. After making a stupid expression, he kicked that guy in the abdomen, forcing him to kneel. Two people from the other side issued a shout and two clubs smashed at him while Shaar held up both arms block. With a crack, both clubs broke off and they were sent flying by Shaar's fists.

"F\*ck!" The One-eye finally has time to speak: "These Byzantine trashes filled themselves with horse pee and unexpectedly went crazy in drunkenness in uncle's place!"

Just when Shaar cracked a smile and wanted to speak, a word from this one-eye immediately inflated this hillbilly's anger!

"...I don't know how much their leader drank, but he started to tease Sofia's niece!"

Shaar got enraged!

The hillbilly was now really angry!!!



Teasing Aunt Sofia's niece?

F\*ck! Wasn't she the wife that this uncle set his eyes upon?!!!

Shaar raised his head and looked around. He immediately saw a terrified girl standing near the door of the counter. Her face was round, two a red cheek on each side and with an unexciting look. Her hands and feet looked thick as trees, like a peasant girl since she probably worked every day. Her body was quite strong with a bit of a wild flavour. She had a busty buttock and huge breasts. Especially her breasts were so big that they seemed to burst out of the cloth coat....

(It could be said that the officer was dead drunk and with such an urge that he was desperate enough to flirt with this girl....)

When Shaar looked at this girl, he immediately noticed the resemblance with Aunt Sofia!

Shaar was so angry that an uncontrollable rage passed through him!

Not to mention that when he was young he regarded Aunt Sophia as his dream woman. After he got older, he gradually understood more of the world and when he remembered himself secretly giving this one-eye supercilious looks all these years, he knew that it was really ridiculously childish.

Later, he learned that Aunt Sophia also had a niece and he immediately thought to himself, he hoped he could bring this outstanding girl home.....

Right now, this girl actually was as he had imagined. Her hands and feet were thick, her breasts and buttock were so big and round that they almost burst out of her clothes. It was really too alluring... This was exactly the standard for "good women" that the old man taught him when he was young.

Motherf\*ucker! Shaar sudden saw watermarks on this girl's chest and buttocks positions. They were obviously the traces of two palms! Obviously, that drunkard officer drank too much and...

# Chapter 107: Starting the journey full of vigour

The woman who he held dear in his heart for a long time was unexpectedly sexually harassed?!

When Shaar was enraged this time, it was much more serious than anything before!

What did it mean to be furious? Shaar's state right now would describe it perfectly.

The hillbilly suddenly burst forth in rage, and his eyes widened. With a furious scream, he turned around, ignored the club that dropped on the ground next to him, and grabbed both soldiers neck with his hands, before throwing them to the ground. Kicking a chair away and breaking two of its legs as result, he stormed into the crowd.

With his kind of strength, even without using his crimson rage ki, his Thousand Man Army Slaughter was a combat technique best suited for group combat. With his Dragonblood strengthened body, how could these soldiers who were only armed with clubs hurt a single hair on him?

After a few exchanges, almost half of the soldiers were smashed to the ground by Shaar. With a roar, Shaar dashed back and forth and continued to rampage. With a body that resembled a magical beast, how could these drunken soldiers compete with him?

After receiving such a powerful aid, the old guests in these taverns' situation suddenly reversed. Within a short moment, all the soldiers were lying face down on the floor.

The anger in Shaar's heart was unable to dissipate, and he ran towards the pit near the wall where that drunkard officer was lying on the ground. Grabbing him from the ground and throwing him in the middle, he then raised a broken club and suddenly started to give him a severe beating. Full of misery, he could only shout and beg for mercy.

At that moment when these men saw Shaar's vicious appearance, they

were so frightened that they woke up from their drunken stupor. Seeing their officer severely beaten and howling in pain, they didn't dare to confront Shaar although they were usually trusted friends. Who would dare to court death?

The one-eyed man pointed at officer and furiously cursed: "It was that punk! He touched it with his right hand!"

Shaar sneered before grabbing that guy's right arm while holding it against the table. He then drew his fire pitchfork.

"Alright! Then I will chop of the right arm! "

That officer was immediately frightened out of his wits! Who could have imagined that sexually harassing a peasant girl in a tavern would provoke such a big disaster? Originally, he wanted to keep his mouth shut and endure the beating. Afterwards, he would go back to look for reinforcement and come back for revenge.

Seeing this fellow raise his weapon with an evil expression and this kind of tone, it was most likely not a joke.....The officer trembled and quickly screamed: "No! No! Don't chop!!"

His face turned white as paper and screamed: "My, my uncle is the general of the 7th army!! You cannot hurt me!!"

"Oh?" Shaar froze for a moment and put down the fire pitchfork in his hand.

After carefully looking at this fellow, the opposite party saw Shaar letting go and breathed out with a sigh of relief. Shaar looked at this guy and frowned: "Yes.....Since you are the nephew of a general, I must give him some face."

The officer immediately asked happily: "Then.....can you not chop off my hand?"

Shaar shook his head and said with a serious face: "That.....Ah, normally I would chop off the elbow altogether. However, since you are the nephew of the general, in order to give him face, I will only chop off the wrist!"

The nearby people: “.....”

The officer's face immediately became ashen and before he even had time to scream, Shaar already swung his fire pitchfork!

After a pitiful yell, a hand covered in blood fell to the ground.....

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Seeing this, Ruhr cursed heavily. How could he have thought that the hillbilly would be so ruthless and show no mercy after saying he would chop off the hand! Originally, he expected that Shaar would teach those guys a lesson by beating them. He stood at the back and didn't prevent it. Only, he didn't even have enough time to shout when he saw Shaar taking out his blade and slashing downwards.

That officer's pitiful scream sounded like a pig being slaughtered. He rolled on the ground back and forth. The soldiers next to him all became ghastly pale and could only stare at him dumbfounded.

Shaar wiped his fire pitchfork clean and inserted it back on his waist before shouting: “Now get the f\*ck out of here. Do you want to get your hand chopped off as well by keep staying here?!”

Several of the smarter ones quickly jumped up and picked up the officer, before sprinting out of the door. One of them picked up the cut off hand and was obviously desperate to get out of there. He knocked down two tables, stumbled, and fell. The remaining soldiers also fled in all directions. Before these people ran away, Shaar suddenly shouted loudly.

“This uncle is from the 6th Army and General Ruhr's subordinate! If you have the guts, come and take revenge!!”

When these words came out, Ruhr's eyeballs almost popped out!!

The fat fellow was so mad that he wanted to spit blood. Cursing like a madman, he rushed towards Shaar and shouted: “You punk, do you want to get me killed?!”

Shaar's face stayed calm and looked strangely at Ruhr instead: “When I started to rush in, you stood there and only watched. You didn't stop me

when I punch these guys and even clapped your hands while shouting out praises. I thought that was what you wanted as well.....”

It was good that this fat fellow didn't bring his sword when he came out. Otherwise, he feared that he wouldn't be able to stop his urge to hack this hillbilly on the spot.

Humph, when this uncle fought people, you wouldn't be able to stand on the side and enjoy a good show for pleasure!

Ignoring that fat guy's choking face, Shaar turned around and helped up the One-eyed man. He then assisted those bar clients that helped in the fighting a moment ago one by one while greeting them. The tavern was smashed apart and chaotic; therefore, they couldn't continue drinking anymore and said goodbye while departing.

The hillbilly actually kept some other ideas in his heart and asked the well-being of the one-eyed man while supporting him in his arms. He was a lot nicer compared to all the other days. While talking, he couldn't resist moving his eyes towards the girl hiding in the back full of panic from time to time. Luckily the one-eyed man only had a single eye and didn't notice Shaar's weird look. Full of gratitude, he was cursing with a foul-mouth: “These Byzantine bstards, no one knows when they will get the fck out of Primal Wildfire Town! I am too old now, if it was 20 years ago and on sea, I would have pulled out my sword and fought them to death! ”

Shaar casually kept a conversation and was actually thinking in his heart how to direct the topic toward that girl. Finally, the girl ran over from her own initiative with a face full of panic, while bring the medicine alcohol to treat the wounds on the one-eyed man. However, she seemed very afraid of Shaar and didn't dare to look into his eyes. The hillbilly's heart felt itchy and only rubbed his big hands while not knowing how to start a conversation.

However, at that time.....

A kid at the height of the hillbilly's knee ran out of the door. That child seemed to have only learned how to walk recently and staggered as he

ran. He ran into the peasant girl's open her arms and tears started to flow from his frightening face.

Looking at this scene, Shaar immediately started to wonder in his heart.....

Sure enough!

The kid pressed his lips and hugged Aunt Sophia's niece, before start crying loudly: "Mama....." In an instant, the hillbilly became brokenhearted.....

Shaar couldn't remember how he was dragged out of the tavern by that enraged fat fellow. Before leaving, the one-eyed man spoke a few words of thanks to him. However, the hillbilly didn't hear any words at all since his heart was crying in pain.

A virgin! Ah a virgin.....

When the hillbilly got pulled out of tavern, how could the accidentally tormented fat fellow Ruhr not see through Shaar's mind? The fat fellow who originally bore the blame and was burning from anger saw Shaar's absentminded appearance and his heart immediately felt better from his misery.

This little bastard, even you have times of bad luck! Humph .....Does this punk's eyes have some problem? What good is this kind of peasant girl?

Not being able to help, he asked Shaar with a gloating attitude. When Shaar told him the honest truth in his mind during his depressed state, the fat fellow laughed so hard that he almost fell from the horse.

Furious, the hillbilly said: "Ruhr! You dare to make fun of me?! Even if you are a general, you cannot trample on my dignity!"

Ruhr repressed his laughter so much that his face muscle twitched. He then replied in a weird lowered voice: "You punk, you are the highest quality hillbilly that this uncle has met! Alright! This uncle will swear an oath to you! It's just a woman! Return to the Royal capital with me. If you want a girl with such looks like a moment ago, no matter how many you

want, this uncle will find you that many!”

Shaar’s eyes immediately lit up. To be honest, he didn’t really harbour any love for that niece of Aunt Sophia. It was only a confused idea of teenage boys and girls. Once he heard Ruhr reassure him, his heart felt much better. However, he immediately started to worry: “You really mean it? But .....But .....Such pretty a girl is not easy to find.....”

If Ruhr’s riding skill wasn’t good, he only feared that he would really fall off the horse. Biting hard on his teeth, he then angry said: “Stop your useless chatter. If I promise you something, of course it can be done! However .....you unexpectedly dared to frame this uncle a moment ago, how will you compensate for it?!”

Shaar smiled: “We shared sorrows before. You and I became friends on the bloody battlefield although you are a general and I am a foot soldier. I see you highly as a person and am willing to see you as my friend .....”

The fat guys eyes widened...

F\*ck, he had meet shameless people, but he had never met someone as shameless as this punk! Although his position was that of a general and he was a foot soldier, his tone made it sound like their friendship was formed out of his good will!?

However.... the fat fellow sighed. If what Adrick said was true and this kid hid his real status, creating a friendship with him.... Looking back, it would really be more beneficial for him...

The fat fellow shook his head and said loudly: “I won’t haggle with you over this! The punk whose hand you cut off is from the 7th Army, and right now Primal Wildfire Town is controlled by them. If they were to take revenge, it would become very chaotic and somewhat troublesome. We should immediately leave this town!

Being a sly fellow who was rational, Shaar immediately nodded and accepted. They instantly returned to Ruhr’s camp of Praetorian Guards and left the town without looking back, heading South.

The hillbilly’s trip to the Byzantine Empire had now officially started.

In front of him was an uncharted territory in his life: Byzantine Empire.

This was also the first time that the hillbilly had left Primal Wildfire Town. As for how his destiny in front of him would turn out was still uncertain.

Full of vigour, the hillbilly started his journey.....



# Chapter 108: Autocratic Fate

The huge, heavy, palace doors swung shut, separating the palace grounds from the outside environment. The palace ceiling stretched six meters high, topped with a dome covered in a ruggedly patterned mosaic. The walls were covered in frescoes of famous artists. The simple and unsophisticated design of the palace gave off a dignified feeling.

Black curtains hung over the entire area, giving the palace a mysterious aura. Twenty gold large lamps barely illuminated the palace. Despite the fact that each red candle was thicker than a child's arm, one could hardly see that the walls had been inlaid with black marble from the candlelight. It was almost like the candle's flames had been frozen in this dignified place, only the occasional movement of the flames and the dribbling of the wax proved these candles were infact alive.

Servants wearing proper grey palace robes stood quietly in the corner, hiding their faces like ghosts. Unless they were given instructions, they would remain motionless. A round seat of honor was placed in the most noticeable position inside the palace. Its surface was wrapped with layer upon layer of gem opal agate which contrasted with the tall jade white pillar and gold cornerite. It was as gorgeous as the god's altar. In fact, the way that these assassins treated the seat of honor was as if they were paying homage to a shrine. That was because the man who sat upon this supreme seat was as noble as the gods of this world.

Beside the altar, two gold candles were halfway melted. The soft candlelight shone upon the man who sat on the man who sat upon that altar like seat. His robe was woven using pure gold thread and light green silk. It was extremely soft and luxurious, a blooming iris was sown onto the front, and ever petal was exquisite and delicate. This robe could only be called a work of art. But the man who wore this robe was so... so... dead!

His illuminated face was a disturbing shade of gold, one could see that his skin had faded to a shade of grey. His high cheekbones and sunken cheeks made his face very thin. His cheeks were faintly flushed and his

chapped lips were as dry as a desert. His withered and curly hair showed that his vitality was running out. He wore a pure gold crown studded with red, blue and green gemstones, each shining brightly in the candlelight. Looking carefully it seemed as if this man was simply a corpse wearing clothes! His slightly closed eyes were the only sign of life, occasionally flashing like lightning in the night.

The Byzantine Emperor possessed two thirds of the territory, and ruled over tens of millions of people. He was the most holy presence in the empire and the supreme authority of the empire -- Kontos Doran Charos Dave Toronto. His reign of 46 years was the greatest the Byzantine empire had experienced yet. He was recognized as one of the three greatest characters in the history of the Imperial Toronto family. One could say that this emperor deserved his fame.

The emperor was known as the "Lance Lord" due to his name "Kontos" which meant a knight's lance. Like his name, twenty years ago, his courage, strength and tenacity were just like that of a knight's lance that refused to be held back.

The Lance Lord inherited the throne at the age of nine. But he was unable to rule the lands at that age so his mother acted as his regent. While he was lucky to rule a huge empire, his family was extremely greedy. His uncles monopolized the imperial powers while Kontos was a child, throwing the empire's government into disarray. His cousin coveted the imperial throne and tried to assassinate Kontos six different times. One time he had bribed a footman to cut the saddle of his horse as he rode past, almost getting trampled in the process. Another time he had bribed Kontos's most trusted courtesan to personally hand him a cup of poison wine after coupling. But in the end, Kontos managed to live through these various schemes and become an adult.

In the year after his adulthood, Kontos used his authority as the heir to the throne to preserve the senate. He gained the support of the military by secretly promising to improve their influence in the government. After he had gained the support he needed, he stabbed his jealous cousin to death over a fake drunken conflict at a feast. Immediately afterwards he

carried out a purge of the administration with the support of the soldiers stationed in the city. In three days, the internal conflict had left the city awash with blood. All three of his uncles were scheduled for execution. His mother knelt and begged for mercy on the behalf of her youngest brother. Kantos finally agreed and his youngest uncle was banished from the realm, fleeing far to the east. But while travelling, he was robbed and murdered by bandits– Nobody believed that Kantos played no part in his uncle's death. Since that day, his mother had vanished inside the internal palace, never leaving until she died five years later, never seeing him again.

While Kontos was known as tenacious, courageous, firm, and indomitable, there was one more trait which he was known for, his cruelty. During his reign, he led the Central Imperial Standing Army to fight with the Odin people twenty times. Even though he was the most important figure in the empire, Kontos was always prepared for a battle, leading huge armies, battling alongside his troops. In an expedition to the North of Odin, he was caught in a snowstorm with his army, where his big toe had become frostbitten. He was forced to amputate it on the spot. He was really like a pikestaff, a knight's spear or lance, invincible, tenacious, courageous, and cruel!

However he had become old. And just like all other brave, and strong characters, they couldn't overcome the limits of age. He was no longer strong and nimble, his tall body had suffered from countless illnesses these past two years. Leaving a skeletal frame where his once broad and strong body was. At that moment His Highness, who sat upon the seat of honour gave a weak gesture. He wrinkled his forehead before a deep and distant sigh broke the silence.

"Wise, intelligent, farsighted Calve Hill, I need your wisdom and advice." The old emperor sighed, his hoarse voice seemed to contain a mix of anger and anxiety. Only a single person kneeled before the emperor at that time.

He too was an old man, his skin faded to the pale yellow of old wax. But his forehead and cheeks were still plump and full. He possessed a straight

nose and soft lip lines; he may have been a handsome man when he was young. His cherish eyes were full of wisdom and alertness from his many experiences over the years.

Calve Hill was the Lance Lord's most trusted partner, acknowledged by the imperial authorities as the "Lance's Shield". People couldn't understand why Calve Hill was the only one to win the Lance Lord's trust. Their relationship had stood strong for decades without any conflict, and their trust only became stronger as the time wore on. He was the only person who could freely enter and exit the emperor's chambers and palace without permission. Any demand or request by Calve Hill would be allowed or agreed to by Kontos, but even after so many years, Calve Hill had never abused his privileges.

Every proposal or absurd argument would be seriously considered by King Kontos. It was hard to believe that the man most trusted by the emperor, had never thought of getting a honoured title or administrative title. His official title was only that of an informal royal advisor. However his word carried more weight with the emperor than those of the Empire's Prime Minister!

Calve Hill was fifty six years old, one year older than the Lance Lord. However when they were young, Calve was known as the most outstanding talent of the Imperial Academy. Almost everyone at the academy, teachers, students, enemies, and friends had to admit that he possessed an extraordinary wisdom and talent when it came to general affairs. He had amazing achievements in each aspect of government, history, art, religion etc. Every policy prediction that he made would become reality. Every piece of advice that he gave King Kontos would reap the expected results.

But this one person couldn't get any official position. This was not because of Calve Hill's humble origins, he was born to a mid level noble family. While his family's status wasn't that of a high level noble, it didn't mean that he couldn't get an official position in the empire's administration. Additionally, he had been the emperor's most trusted friend for nearly thirty years.

It was said that when King Kontos was young, he would often go incognito to sneak into the Imperial Academy and attend classes. It was there where he met Calve Hill, the most talented star of the Imperial Academy. He was astounded by Calve Hill's wisdom and mischievousness. It went so far that once, Kontos privately said to his friends that he would make Calve Hill his future Prime Minister. But unfortunately, Calve Hill, a genius-to-be of the imperial courts had to forsake his future positions.

Just because some of his public statements and opinion had angered some people. While he was still at college, Calve Hill was quite well-known and has repeatedly and publicly expressed his political views. To him, the Tekma military system which had been maintained for a hundred years in the Byzantine Empire was the root and weakness for causing the diminution!

Byzantine Empire's population was ten times that of the Odin and the land was three times greater than that of the Odin. But in centuries the contest with Odin was in disadvantage, the greatest root cause would be the Tekma military system! The corrupted military system would split the empire into numerous subgroups. The empire would have difficulty in concentrating all of the military force and as a result they would be unable to compete with the strength of their enemies. In the meanwhile, the military division led to a repetitive consumptive waste to the enormous strength of the empire.

Such a proposition did irate the strong forces of the military when it was suggested. The Tekma military system was a special military administrative system of the Byzantine Empire a hundred years ago. Then, the Empire was unfortunately caught in the midst of an internal and rebellious civil war. Taking the advantage of the weakness of the Byzantine Empire, the surrounding enemies Odin and Oriental nomads took the opportunity to invade the empire. The empire was faced with the disintegration of the impasse.

At that time the emperor, in response to this crisis, set up a new set of quasi-military administrative system. In this system, the Byzantine

Empire territory mostly ceased to be under the empire, except for the central empire which included Osgiliath that continued to be emperor territory. The other areas were set up to be dozens of military administrative system. Tekma meant the establishment of the highest administrative official of a military governor in each of the sections, and the highest officials were in turn appointed by this military governor.

In principle, every military system carried a militia system, which was part of the government policy to provide land for the crop cultivation and the recruitment of some farmers. The farmers could use parts of the land for harvesting, but also needed to join the military service once they were enlisted for war.

The prevailing view was that as long as the personal lives of the militia were taken care of, the mobilization of the army would be very easy during the wartime. The morale of the common soldiers to defend the homeland against foreign invaders would be high, and the burden of wage of the country could be reduced to a minimum. The Facts had proved that the idea itself was not wrong. However, there were also inevitably a lot of critical defects!

Such farming military system were destined only for temporary use in times of crisis, but could be not maintained as a long-term national statehood policy. Calve Hill had once expressed these views when he was young: that the system would run itself down mercilessly. However, the wise man of the empire believed, first of all, that such a system could be used as an excellent contingency strategy in the face of the crisis.

Although the morale would be raised to protect their homes in the face of foreign invaders, the nature of militia could not be diminished with the essential characteristics of farmers, love toward the homeland! They could not leave their homes to carry out the local operations! Although they were motivated when their homes were surrounded by enemies, once the need for such troops to set off, then they often lost their morale. In a nutshell, these agricultural soldiers simply could not bear the responsibility as a National Defense Force!

The second weakness was such a waste! Such farming military system

could only play a role in resistance to foreign invasion. When the enemy attacked, only then would the troops have a high combative power. However, war was impossible with only defensive warfare! Because of this, the empire must in addition establish a truly professional army as a combat maneuver for the empire. A lot of resources, such as military construction, had repeatedly caused wastage!

The third contradiction was the irreconcilable land! The Byzantine Empire was a feudal constitution. In essence, it was the largest royal nobility with the royal family as the center of aristocracy. Each new generation of the aristocrat would need new land. Only when a family tree was completely cut off would the Empire would have the right to nationalize their land...

The speed to produce new aristocracy was much faster than the extinction of the old aristocracy! Although the land of the empire was vast, the total amount of land was still limited. Limited land needed to be distributed to keep the nascent aristocracy, as well as for a large number of militia for the arable farmland. The increasing demand for land had formed an irreconcilable contradiction.

The fourth conflict was... the power!

The introduction of the Tekma system was the direct result of the unprecedented power in the military forces. By the standard of a national constitution, such a powerful force was a uncommon.

The highest administrative position, the Military Governor, was a paramilitary official. The Governor position was traditionally held by the army generals who were responsible for leading the militias and were regarded as quasi-military leader. The central government was distributed such that the empire was fragmented into dozens of small military groups which would hardly receive central jurisdiction! Because there were independent arable agricultural soldiers, these small paramilitary groups were almost entirely self-sufficient!

In the revenue and expenditure, they could be independent! This was a direct result of the military generals being aristocratic! Imagine that

every military governor had free jurisdiction, free and independent control of revenue and expenditure, land, horses and did not need to get supply from the central to be completely sufficient. And even some particularly powerful paramilitary groups, the Governor could operate entirely within its own territory and form the elite army troops! After a long time, they could even build up a separate military clique! These military cliques could be cancerous to the large body of the growing empire!

The aristocratic military generals and warlords had become the main reason for the Byzantine Empire being large but not powerful. In one hundred years, there were dozens of rebellions throughout the region around the Imperial Government, of which six occurred within just nearly three decades!

The military had become the most direct beneficiary of this regime and therefore extremely supported on the mechanism. The emperor was aware of the situation and tried to cancel such a system. But the military, after a hundred years of nourishment, had become such a huge monster that even the imperial emperor could not completely neutralize it.

The military would make any attempt to protect their own vested interests and to remove any threat to the Tekma system. A decade ago, the emperor tried to change the term of this situation and the prime minister issued a text for restricting the Tekma system. In order to safeguard their own interests, the military had launched a small-scale coup and the prime minister was killed by the “rebels” who broke into his home. Afterwards, under the military pressure, the emperor had to withdraw his command.

The compromise of the former emperors had resulted in a deep-rooted Tekma system, and the military strength of groups had since greatly expanded in one hundred years. When the Tekma system had been just established, there were just a total of thirty Tekma military groups. While in the reign of the Kontos, the emperor of lance, the Tekma military had reached forty-six in the entire Byzantine Empire! Forty-six Tekma military had comprising nearly half of the empire's land!

The rest of the lands were a considerable part of the territory belonging



to the aristocracy. The actual land which fell under the central administrative jurisdiction of the Empire had been less than a fifth of the total area! The emergence of a new military dignitaries had often become a lifelong position. Once they had become a military governors in Tekma, they could be appointed at the position until death. For some of the forces which were exceptionally strong, the position would be passed down the family under a hereditary system.

The Tekma system was like a monster. The military had firmly united for the great benefits. They were originally for national defense, but they had become the burden that leaked the imperial resources. The military empire almost became another central core independent of the royal family. The forty-six national Military Tekma were directly deployed by the central military of the empire. The royal family could only seize the support from the normal empire army as much as possible in order to counter the increasingly large Tekma system. Only these people were the true soldiers, rather than those of the aristocratic warlords!

And the military was also divided into two different factions, with one led by the military faction occupied by the majority which had been transformed from real soldiers into the warlords that only safeguarded their own interests. Unfortunately, the power of the warlord's factions was much greater. The governor from the forty-six Tekma Military regions of the country were mostly included in this faction. The real military factions was only made up by a dozen of them while Adelaide was no doubt one of those forming the backbone of the thirteenth Corps.

Calve Hill once brought great ideas to the young Emperor of Lance and expressed his political stance, but his hostility toward the Tekma system was disturbing the military. If others were holding such hostile political views, these leaders and chiefs from the military would just scoff at most and even smiled in disdain. But Calve Hill was so famous because he was a young and rare genius from the imperial institution with a high reputation and also had the admiration of the young emperor. That someone who had such a close relationship with the emperor could have so much hostility toward the Tekma. How could the people from the

military feel at ease?

The young Emperor of Lance needed the support from the military to seize power. He had to make a certain degree of compromise, one of which was a compromise of never appointing Calve Hill as a formal officer! And Calve Hill's strategy not only brought notice by the military for his hostility, even other Empire veterans expressed dissatisfaction toward his political views.

The Senate was the oldest system of government of the Byzantine Empire. A thousand years ago, during the establishment of the Byzantine Empire, the political ideas were encouraged on the consensus of the ruler and its people. It could be a form of democracy in the foundation of the Senate. In general, the Senate was formed from the elite representatives of the aristocracy, a number of outstanding generals of the army and some ordinary people from the industries or some people with a high fame such as scholars, respected artists and other.

In the beginning of statehood, the Senate was still quite powerful. In the early stage of the founding of the Byzantine Empire, the Senate had the power to elect and dismiss even the emperor. But gradually as the imperial power rose, the power of the state institution had gradually spiraled downwards. The senate which embodied the spirit of the founding of the Byzantine Empire had become an embarrassed presence. The important national policy could not be decided by the Senate. And for some trivial little things, they were not bothered to manage.

Up to now, the Senate's existence was just to give an extra title to the noble.

In the senate, some of them were still tenacious of their own faith, and this group of people was called the Conservative. They still did not give up the traditional idea of the senate that the imperial power needed to be limited. The existence of the senate was to prevent the unlimited expansion of imperial power and to avoid damage to the public! royal family sometimes, in order to counter the growing military, drew in the support from the Senate. This action helped allow the old political group to continue to exist.

However, the senate hated Calve Hill!

They hate the most outstanding genius from the Imperial College!

Because in the wisdom mind of Calve Hill was actually a hidden heart of fanatical dictatorship! With his rational and intelligence, he was actually thoroughly an imperial dictatorship supporter!

In his eyes, the military was not the only cancer for the empire, and the action of the Senate to frequently find fault with the royal family was also a thorn in the side. In his opinion, if they could eradicate these malignant tumors, and they could re-establish a strong, intelligent and wise monarch dictatorship in order to truly make this ancient empire renewed.

And so... In the eyes of the Senate, Calve Hill had become an unwelcomed person.

He was blacklisted by the two imperial regime. Calve Hill was condemned to a life of being unable to set his foot in the political circles. Although he was an intimate friend of the emperor as his private advisor, even the Great Emperor of Lance was on his toes. But he could not personally cast his ambition in the official circles. It certainly was a misery for Calve Hill.

At the moment, the old Emperor of Lance looked at the trustable wise man and sighed in a weak tone, "Calve Hill, I need your wisdom. I need a candidate. The damn warlords had finally let out a military position! This is a good chance for me to send in my man. "

Calve Hill hid his hands up his sleeves, gently roll up the sleeves and slightly bowed. His voice was soft and shrill, "Your Majesty, I had thought for a long time, perhaps... we need to make some change."

"Change?"

Kontos, the Emperor of Lance tightly screwed his brows together.

"The results we get for this time won't be too much, though we could diminish a little arrogance of those warlords... However, a military deputy minister position cannot really cause them any harm. "Calve Hill's voice was calm. But even under such a peaceful tone, he hid a sense of

indifference, “I need to know your will. Your Majesty... What are the results you want in the end?”

“Result?”

The Emperor of Lance stretched his brows abruptly. In such a moment, an awesome light flashed from his face. In the outbreak, he seemed to be twenty years younger. He had become The Great North Emperor of Lance!

But the radiant glow was just maintained in his face for but a fleeting moment, the old emperor then whispered in sneer, “A result, you mention a result! Calve Hill, could we talk on any result now in such a situation! ”

His nails were deeply inserted into his palms and his joints were whitened to endure the anxiety and anger, “Thirty years, Calve Hill! I have always been patient, and you have consoled me for that. What are the result of my patience? The warlords have drilled my empire full of holes! These guys had an increasingly insatiable greed! Calve Hill, I have always believe in your wisdom, even to this day, I have not doubted this. But I really cannot wait anymore!”

He stared at his most trusted friend, and whispered, “I am old, although I refuse to admit it, but my heart is very clear. I am old. I have had the experience of have assassination attempts at my young age, as well as in my later military career. I cannot destine to become a long-lived emperor. Calve Hill, you know? I am worried year after year... No, it should be said that I am getting worried day by day! ”

The emperor’s eyes looked like that of an anxious lion, “My father left me a riddled empire, and I mended it in these years. But I am not willing to leave an equally disastrous empire to my children and grandchildren! But I suspect that it is difficult... No, not very difficult, but something I almost certainly cannot do! I cannot die before I eradicate these cancers out one by one! ”

The old emperor looked at Calve Hill, “Your body has always been much better than mine. I believe, even if I die, you can live much longer than me by at least twenty years but... If I have a smart son, then I would be assured to pass the undone things to him, and you will be his assistant to

complete our task! But Calve Hill... ”

The old emperor grunted, “You look at the results of what I have! I waited for a son who grew up to be cowardly and stupid man. He even joined up with the man of the military and those cancer! Do not think that I do not know, the little white face man, Bonfret, my dear son’s toy. Wounded Hastings? Are you kidding! In order to allow him to get his promotion, he actually cooperated with those warlords in military! It drives me down to the extreme! Calve Hill, my son, my despair, he has become your students for ten years, but he has not learned even one-tenth of wisdom from you here! And he is disappointing me. He has been married for almost a year. He married the most beautiful noblewoman in Osgiliath but I received the message that he has not actually slept with his new wife even once! I even doubt that his dirty habits with men would eventually cause the Crome family to be unprecedented.

Calve Hill quietly listened to the anger of His Majesty. Then the wise old man just had a faint smile, with his characteristically calm and somewhat indifferent voice he softly and slowly said, “Your Majesty, you are unable to control the angry in your heart... Please do not forget that sentence: Being trapped in sadness or anger when powerless is the coward’s move. ”

The Emperor of Lance suddenly closed his mouth.

“Anger does not help, I need to know what the result that you want?” Calve Hill’s eyelids slowly blinked for a moment and casually said, “I said we need a change, but it seems that fate does not favor to you, that the opportunity that you waited for has not arrived. But that does not mean it will never come, if you still want to avoid the instability and the risk, then we can continue to wait. If you need other results ...”

“My son sinking love towards that man has made me desperate.” The Emperor of Lance growled: “I cannot wait much time any longer, Calve Hill! I have no doubt that once I die, my stupid son will double the number of Tekma in the military in less than a year! And then in less than a year, the military headquarter will be moved to this palace! I feel despair on this fool so I have to risk and to continue my task before I die. I

will do everything!”

Faced with the emperor’s excitement and anxiety, Calve Hill’s eyes were still clear and calm, slowly he said. “You should understand that there is no such hope and possibility.”

“I understand!” the emperor’s mouth emerged with a grinning, “Then I will fight to the death together with them! If this empire really needs to undergo a turbulence to be rejuvenated, then I hope this instability would be undergone by me. At least compared to my stupid son, I have a better chance! While this is still extremely limited but... ”

The old emperor suddenly held the seat and barely stood up. Under his gorgeous robe, he was thin and skinny, the robe billowed under the gust of the wind.

The old emperor said in determination, “If I really could not overcome this. Then I would end the honor of Crome Family in my own hands! This is my empire, if they really want to put an end to it, then it should also be ended by me personally! ”

His eyes gazed rapidly at Calve Hill’s face and he said with persistence, “It is either I die or they die, this is the result which I want, Calve Hill!”

Calve Hill eventually sighed. He still held on the long sleeves, bowed slightly and said with a light voice, “Well, I have understood your wish.”

Then the wise man talked with a clear and brisk tone, “Initially, the most suitable candidate to take the position as the deputy minister was the Duke Minas. Duke Minas always had a profound influence. Those assholes have to give him a bit of face. It’s just that Duke Minas is having some physical health problems in these years. And I worry now that Duke Minas seems to have lost some of his vigor. It would be difficult to entrust him with the task of confronting these parasites. ”

“So, what do you suggest?”

“You need a hard man.” Calve Hill finally showed a glimmer of decisive tone, “If you are not afraid to start a chaos, then the candidate must have a strong heart and be absolutely loyal to you, and... There is such a

candidate who fulfils the courage to be our vanguard. ”

“Do you mean...”

“General Adelaide is the leader of the thirteenth Corps. As a true soldier of our faction, General Adelaide is certainly loyal to the Empire. We had been observing him in the thirteenth Corps position for nine years. The military has had numerous attempts to corrupt him, he even received an offer for a military post by the Governor. General Adelaide have no apostasy. He deserves the trust of Your Majesty. With regards to courage, the despotic general would not let you down.”

The Emperor of Lance had a serious thought on the advice, “I believe your advice... But thirteenth Corps is the most important combat power in our hands. Without Adelaide, then who is going to be the new leader for the regiment of cavalry?”

Calve Hill’s face showed a trace of interest in his smile, “Duke Minas has been repeatedly recommending a person. The Duke has hailed him as his most distinguished disciple. He has also been with the Duke for the longest time even though half of the time he works as the personal chef for the Duke...”

The Emperor of Lance was getting displeased, “Calve Hill, are you... referring to the rabbit general, Ruhr who is famous with his escape skills?”

Calve Hill smiled. When he smiled, his eyes would emit a sense of warmth, "Your Majesty, could you believe that Ruhr’s skills are not limited only to escape.”

When the palace gate was opened, a few servants who wore grey linen robes bowed respectfully and stood on both sides. Calve Hill slowly walked out from the gate and stood on the thirtieth staircase quietly for a quarter of an hour.

The old sage looked upon the sky. The dark clouds gathered. There were raindrops slowly falling down. The gloomy weather seemed to be filled with a taste of death...

"Finally, he has made his choice today..."

Calve Hill's face no longer had that peaceful look when he faced the old emperor. His eyes shone faintly, "Could it... be too late for now. Hum!"

In the sparse rain, Calve Hill slowly stepped down from the stairs. A tall and lean person immediately brought a large black-clothed umbrella to shelter Calve Hill from the rain.

Calve Hill slowly moved forward. The person who held the umbrella for him silently followed. Despite the rain hitting her own body, she seemed to be unaware of it.

The girl who was holding an umbrella and walked with a staggered pace, her legs seemed to have a disability, and half of her face was covering with an Iron Mask. The other half of her face showed an extreme indifferent expression with a flirtatious purple pupil that quietly watched at the back of Calves Hill.

The woman was Sylvia.

There was a carriage parked in front of the palace. The driver opened the door and then Calve Hill went into the carriage. He turned back as if he had just noticed Sylvia.

The rain was getting heavier. Calve Hill was sitting in the car while Sylvia was standing in the rain. She looked at Calve Hill with her purple eyes for a moment. Her purple hair and her shoulder-cloth were wet in the rainfall. Finally, Calve Hill sighed.

"You are back?"

"I am back."

"Is everything over?"

"It has ended. I have paid... for what I owe."

Calve Hill nodded, "How is that guy?"

Sylvia opened her mouth and said coldly, "He is still weak."

Calve Hill seemed to be very satisfied with the answer, "Tomorrow you



go to Odin, the thing that I want must be done."

Then, Calve Hill seemed to have lost interest in talking. He closed the carriage door. The horse-drawn carriage was slowly driven away.

Calve Hill finally sighed, his face eventually revealing the exhausted demeanor of an aged man.

He drew a soft, dry blanket under the seat to cover his knees and then leaned wearily at his seat.

The sage sighed.

"Ah... why is it so difficult to find a good dictator? Kontos..." "I thought he was the best candidate, but... but..." Calve Hill shook his head and quietly whispered.

"Unfortunately, he is not!"

"Hey, fat man. So, now your Byzantine military is divided into two factions?" Shaar was riding on his horse, shouting exaggeratedly.

A line of cavalry slowly went forward on a wide road towards the inner land of the empire.

With a slight frustration, Ruhr looked at the uncultivated Shaar. Fortunately, the guards alongside were his own cronies. He was not afraid of his words getting spread out. He snappily raged, "Do not always mention this, all of you! Do not forget that you are also an officer of the Byzantine Empire! "

Shaar Smiled, "I would not argue with you on this. Tell me, General Adrick is belongs to which faction?"

Shaar rubbed his chin and then thought for a moment, "Ah, you said that those aristocratic generals and warlords were the worms of the country. General Adrick will not associate people of such characters. He will be naturally a decent soldier." Then Shaar gazed at Ruhr, "As for you...You were probably sent by those worms."

Ruhr was irate and almost wanted to kick the uncultivated Shaar to death.

Then he patiently said: "Do not talk nonsense, I am a genuine soldier of the military! Hum!"

Those worms could not be considered as soldiers anymore. The army positions would be inherited by some aristocratic family, just as some military governorship would be passed to the son and then to the grandson. They could no longer be regarded as soldiers! As for this faction, his Majesty had founded the Imperial Institution of the Army thirty years ago to bypass the pollution that had been completely caused by the warlords. It was a fresh start for the imperial institution to train brand new soldiers. The officers from the Imperial Institution were generally known as "The Eagles". Because the military institution was alike of the military, the students were usually selected from the lower-class or middle-class aristocratic family, occasionally admitting some exceptions by taking in some ordinary but talented civilians.

"This operation of three decades has enriched the number of the standing imperial regiments with a number of graduating batch that will finally form part of the military now. They are known as "The Eagles" who are barely able to compete with those warlords! Hum! Some students from the noble could be promoted easier and some students with the background of an ordinary citizen would have a slow promotion. Those worms who fear of the officers that graduated from the institution would always suppress their development. Some guys would be still in position as the junior officers even after a twenty years of service. It would be extremely rare for someone like Adrick or me to be able to lead an independent legion."

Ruhr paused and then smiled proudly, "The Duke Minas is the first president of the military academy. The Duke has had high prestige amongst the military throughout his career, some of the worms have served as his men previously. They would surely give a bit of face to the old man while the loyalty of the Duke to the royal family also makes him the best choice as the new faction leader. Those officers who graduated from the military academy could be regarded as the disciples of the old Duke. I am a special case to have served as the chef of the Duke for six

years. The old Duke sees my talent and then put me into the military academy for education. I have also studied for six years in the academy. So, I have served under the Duke for a total of twelve years! Hum, no one else could have such opportunity as I. "

Shaar had no interest on the self-boasting of Ruhr but he was concerned about Adrick, "So as you say, the general would be considered as a senior level officer in our fraction?"

Ruhr's face was quirky and he shook his head, "Things are not so simple... Frustratingly, the guys who were trained from the military academy mostly have very old-fashioned mindset. There are too little people that are as smart and flexible like I am. Some men are loyal to the royal family while some of them only trust on their own beliefs that the military needs only to defend the country and should not be confined to a particular faction or force...Adrick is obviously a part of "The Eagles" but probably became stupid by the traditional teachings and actually got very close to the Senate. I heard that they were interested in making him a member of lower house of the Senate. "

"What is the Senate?" Shaar was curious.

"What is the Senate...? Uh..." Ruhr tried to explain and the uncultured Shaar was listening with big eyes but hold any understanding of the concepts. After a while, the uncultured Shaar laughed suddenly with a joyous impression leaving the fat man a bit confused

"What are you laughing at, kid?"

Shaar disdained, "I laugh at you guys for causing a mess in Byzantine. This is such a good country, but the way you guys do things is simply a waste of time and energy."

"..." The fatty stared with big eyes.

"Why not?" Shaar sneered: "The emperor seems to be the greatest of them all and could give any commands, and the military would be silent most of the time as respect to the emperor. But if the military decides anything, it would be carried out in any circumstance. As for the senate, there are a large number of people who are whining about this and that

all day, but they can't seem to achieve anything. "

The fatty sneered, "I do not understand what is so funny about this?"

Shaar shook his head: "Of course this is funny. In fact, the simplest idea is to get a single voice, and that voice has an absolute authority and command. Once the command is handed down once, no matter what, all must agree and obey! It is tiring to have so much commands from so many sides!"

The fat man pondered at the sound that came out from his mouth. The voice which had an absolute command and a command that when passed, all much obey to...

His facial expression changed as he whispered, "It is an absolute dictatorship. Although the Byzantine Empire is a monarchy authoritarian, the spirit of the country establishments would reject the founding of an dictatorial regime."

Shaar hummed with a smile thoughtfully, "I'd think that this country would be greater with the application of dictatorship..."

# Chapter 109: Highway Robbery

Shaar and Ruhr entered the territory of Byzantine Empire with their followers. After crossing the frontier, they first reached Denzel town which was located not far from the north of frontier region. There was a total resident population of about 10,000 people, but because of its location at the frontier region there were also a lot of rural-urban migration occurring and the town's security was often left in chaos; however, the trade at the frontier region had brought the town a lot of vitality.

Due to the war with Odin people, the temporary army from the military area were all set here.

There was Wildfire Town, which was not too far away from Denzel Town. Basically, it needed either a two day ride or one whole day of fast riding to reach the town.

Although Denzel City was just a small city, the scale of its landscape was twice that of Wildfire Town, with broad and tall walls, showing one of the military strategies onto this frontier area town for war preparation. Once a war began, this town could be immediately be transformed into military fortress. According to the empire's military law, the wall was built according to the level of the military fortress. It was six meters wide, eleven meters high, with four corners built with protruding tower corners.

Tursh came to Byzantium for the first time, and it was also his first time to get to see such a big city, so his eyes were quite busy looking around. Compared to Wildfire Town, Denzel City had was much more prosperous than the anarchy of Wildfire Town. There were infantry armies wearing high standard armor vests, with the royal flag, and army flag flying ferociously at the side of tall wall.

The building in the city was obviously much bigger than those in Wildfire Town, this making Tursh did not stop of looking around and desperately stared around the city when he walked into the city.

Denzel City was more civilized, people who walking in the street all had

nicer clothes and their clothing styles were more pronounced with Byzantine features: Men were mostly dressed in long linen robe with long and slightly tilted pointed boots. The waist cut that narrowed the robe cutting could perfectly manifest a man's strong physique. Some men were armed. There were some people dressed up like warriors, with cheap leather or iron breastplate, and wore warrior's badge. But all these were less prominent in Wildfire Town.

There were various kinds of shops at the side of the road: the blacksmith, the pub.... Yet there was one prominent thing, Byzantine women. These were apparently more conservative than those in Wildfire Town, and they mostly wore cloaks and capes, not just to keep out the wind, but also to cover their face. Their body-wear was relatively conservative. Only a few of the women dressed luxuriously in silk robe, with few servants following from behind to look after their mistresses. These mistresses were mostly to be seen entering some clothing stores or cosmetics shops and other similar places.

Denzel city was occupied by troops. Soldiers that dressed in military uniform could be seen everywhere in the city since the war ended, as though they began to rest. Sometimes drunk men lingered around on the street after having a drink at pub beside the street. Shaar frowned after having a look at all of this. This kind of slack was impossible to find in the thirteenth corps.

Denzel City was not only a city that had a large scale of land, but the area was also larger than that of Wildfire Town's. There were a lot of small villages with large farmlands surrounding the city. Denzel city administratively was belonged to the Moore County at the north of empire and Moore County was the most important grain producing district at the north of Byzantine Empire. And what was more, this city was still directly under the jurisdiction of the imperial central and it had not been included under the authorized strength of Terma military area command. After all, here was one of the frontier region. Even though there were a lot of frontier trade for oil, water and grains, whenever a war against Odin people began, it was the first place to be affected by the

threat. So, those assholes in the army did not ever wish to grab this district. One word..... The so-called military governors of Terma military, they had installed themselves as aristocratic warlords.

The commander of the temporary military theater was General Clark who was from the Imperial Army of the empire. He was a firm Therma military system advocate. His family owned a Therma military region in the south-east of Empire which had been passed down for two generations and General Clark recently served an important position in the Empire's military headquarter. But when Shaar and Ruhr came to temporary military headquarter at Denzel City, General Clark did not show any unfriendliness even though Tursh had caused a lot of troubles to the army.

However, General Clark acted in a very hasty manner, he held a very brief and simple award-conferring ceremony and gave a gold badge of courage to Tursh. He neither personally awarded Shaar in a formal etiquette nor gave him a military salute. The whole process was only witnessed by several adjutant and then he left in a hurry as though he were afraid of getting trouble if he were with Tursh for longer period.

Ruhr was not really satisfied of all this.

"Damn, if today was to award that silly man, he should have welcomed him with more warmth. Inviting all the noble people in the city to come to the ceremony with bands playing music and with the red carpet adorning the floors... I'm afraid this ceremony is the most cursory ceremony that I have ever seen."

Shaar seemed to be not really care about all these. He held his gold badge and start to murmur: "How much does this piece of gold cost? Well, this gold is very heavy, is this pure gold?" The soldiers were not really pleasant with Shaar, but he did not even care about it. Anyway, it was a travel itinerary, all catering and accommodation were paid by military.

The soldier of temporary military sent a chubby officer to be in charge of welcoming them. Shaar started to demand to stay in best hotel of the city and to partake in the best food and wine, all of these demands were

each accepted by the officer. Zhai Quartermaster also quietly handed Shaar a huge piece of gold which was enough to feed one whole family for more than a year!

Not long after that, a few excellent horses were being pulled to the front of Shaar. The soldier requested for one thing only:” You group of people, once you get what you want, please leave!”

Ruhr then came out with an idea of ripping those soldiers off, so Shaar started to demand for several sets of top grade cavalry armors and equipments that were produced from a famous mining area that made equipments and weapons such as swords and also cavalry armors that used mild steel which were all located at south of the Byzantine Empire. The cavalry armors were made of light components and had superior defense ability. This kind of high standard equipments were only given to high grade soldiers!

Looking at his followers, they were now all wearing expensive armors, and Shaar was satisfied. Ruhr sighed: "Damn, if I were in the army it would take me seven or eight years and only then would I be eligible to wear such suit of armor, you guys are so extravagant. Even your followers are also given such a high standard suit of cavalry armor..."

Shaar turned a supercilious look: "I thought this is what you told me a moment ago!" The soldier was very clear:” You can get whatever you want, but please leave as soon as possible.”

Shaar was frank. After he got all the things he wanted. He would leave soo after that.

The moment they were about to leave Denzel City, Shaar’s followers, Tatara and Soulster were riding on the finest horses, wearing expensive soft armors with their horses adorned with high class horse saddles and stirrups, all these can only be enjoyed by a senior officer. Shaar was even more extremely equipped than his followers. He was wearing high-class armor which cost a hundred gold coin. It was a paladin’s body armour, light wear. The armor was made up from mild steel, and on the important body parts, such as the chest, back and shoulders, would be thick steel



plates. Wearing armor was the standard imperial Knight appearance. Although based on the identity of Shaar he was still unqualified to wear this armor, but he performed a major meritorious service, and getting a title was a certain thing. He rode a red horse which was chosen by Ruhr. According to the chubby officer, this kind of horses could only be used by those who ranked in the top five in the 13th General Corps of the empire. Riding on such a fine horse, and wearing high-class armor, with a bearskin cloak behind draped over his shoulders, he was followed by Tatara and Soulster who were dressed far better than the ordinary flag Corps ensign. Those who did not know the real identity of Shaar, any person would have mistaken Ruhr, who stood beside Shaar, as one of Shaar's followers and the entire band itself could have been mistaken as part of the General Corps.

Originally, Shaar had the intention to demand for carriage, but in this regard the Ruhr refused.

The chubby officer immediately said: "We are soldiers, we don't need carriages! Soldiers who live luxuriously are no longer a real soldier! My teacher, Duke of Minas always told me this."

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Although Moore County was not one of the regions that was under the Therma military system, the Imperial Army with farming system had already been introduced for about one hundred years. Away from the city of Denzel, there were quite a number of small villages along the way, and one could see farmers who dressed in military uniforms, but carried a hoe and shovel with the farm. Each village had an empty training ground, but the Imperial Army with farming system was declining. Obviously weapons that were used by these farmers had already become rusty, and the training grounds were full of weeds.

After leaving the city of Denzel, the chubby man was in an eccentric mood. He received the new command at Denzel's military theatre which required him to arrive at the imperial capital Oslo within 15 days; also, his vi corps commander duties were temporarily replaced by the first ensign. Apart from that, Ruhr was also requested to personally go to the

headquarters for debriefing as war frontline commander. It was said that this command was urgently passed to the military headquarter in Denzel City just a day before Ruhr and Shaar reached Denzel City.

# Chapter 110: [No title]

“Obviously, it would be the end to my position as the General of the sixth legion. Damn, I might be taken as a scapegoat by the military for this defeat. Would they desolate me and throw me to the corner?” Ruhr was worried.

For the rabbit general’s anxiety, Shaar could not give a suitable solution and he hardly help on the issue

The two men were originally planned on a cheerful sightseeing tour in the journey back to the empire, but Ruhr need to arrive at the Imperial city within fifteen days because of military command.

The plan for a sightseeing was in vain.

The Byzantine Empire had a vast territory between the border city of Denzel and the Imperial City of the empire .Unless they traveled at a full speed on their way, it would otherwise take fifteen days and that may even not be enough. If they encountered a road collapse or were troubled by road closures and the likes, the journey would be delayed.

After much discussion, they decided to part.

Ruhr needed to be in a hurried journey. Otherwise, if he missed the military order, the circumstances could be terrible. The rabbit general was tortured by the military commander and did not dare oppose.

Shaar felt that Ruhr was reluctant to continue the journey with him because he might be seen as a sidekick.

After accounting for the precautions needed for the road such as the military documents for the passage, they parted at the road of the next small town. For road blockers or thieves, Ruhr had not informed him. For Shaar who walked out from the town of wildfire, it would be not necessary. No kidding! It would be a fortune for the others if Shaar was not trying to steal from them. The fat man hurried away with his cavalry escort.

Shaar did not worry on the punctuality of the fatty. By his title as rabbit

general and with his escaping skills, this should not be a problem for him.

With his money and well-dressed appearance, Shaar begun his sightseeing trip.

Three of them, Shaar, Tatara and Soythe were taken as senior level generals from the legion of the Byzantine Empire. For the accommodations along the journey, they were served like a noble.

Shaar was regarded and it was his first time to enjoy the privilege of a dignitary. Originally, the best treatment he had in the town of wildfire or in the military was to eat meat in every meal with a few pots of liquor. After he had been satiated, he could wrap himself in sheepskin and fall asleep. Those were his earlier blissful days.

But this time, every time the defender of the small town saw Shaar's dressing they would straighten up their body. Even as Shaar would take out the documents issued by the military, they would handle it respectfully with the both hands. Even for some places, Shaar was not even required to bring out the papers and simply rode into town without question. The soldiers did not dare stop them, and they obediently stood aside to salute.

Wherever he went, he would have the best selection of the hotel occupancy, food and clothing. He spent the money like water, but he could not spend more after he passed two towns. Turns out that if some "big man" like him were to arrive in transit, the mayor, the defender or the garrison guards would immediately get the message. The description written on the documents was not clear, and just stated that there would be military people having an important trip to the Imperial City. By looking at Shaar's clothing and horse, the people would have the impression that he must be one of the nobles from the royal. For people like this, they could not take the chances of not giving them good care.

This wasn't to be wholly mistake as buttering up since according to official management, they had to entertain a man of rank to avoid unintentionally offending that person. Therefore, the bureaucratic chiefs

along the trip would take good care of him making the uncultured Shaar to enjoy their hospitality.

Whenever he stayed in hotel, immediately the local military garrison or local administrative officials would pay out all the expenses and declare that they were no longer allowed to accept payment from Shaar.

Even when Shaar left the place, the local head of the place would escort him with a group of soldiers.

The Byzantine military system had been carried out all over the country. Temporary deployment of teams of militias to serve as attendants for great men. Although he was dressed as a general, who really knew that he had great capabilities? Anyway, those warlords would be quite foolish to only bringing two squires along while daring to travel around the country. If a man of rank encountered some stupid thieves along the way and got hurt, then they would get into trouble.

He had no problem with living, eating and travelling. There would be someone to assist in establishing the route for his travelling. Shaar experienced a tremendous increase of prestige and started to show the attitude of a man of rank.

His follower, Tatara, chuckled in his mind. If these guys knew that this great man was still a rankless knight, they would be extremely regretful.

Shaar had not experienced such a life formerly. He could not help but feel smug on this damn enjoyable life!

Previously, he liked to eat barbecue, but he now gradually lost interest. Now he fell in love with a new Byzantine specialty. With southern production of the finest bay leaves, there were pieces of tender lamb and fish cut into little pieces, wrapped together and filled with spices and placed in a pot with a small fire slowly steaming it. The fragrance of the leaves would completely soak in the meat. A single bite on the meat would leave a mouthful of fragrant, and then the meal would be often coupled with a large glass of red wine.

The uncultured Shaar was shocked and his eyeballs almost dropped out of their sockets after knowing the price of such a diet!

Six silvers per serving? In the past, six silvers would be sufficient for the cost of his entire meal and clothing for a year!

Even his good horses could enjoy fine feed. It would be certainly not affordable by the uncultured Shaar of the past.

Shaar had the full lifestyle of a man of rank and even Tatara and Soythe were benefited as they enjoyed as well for following Shaar. They could eat finely and live nicely alongside Shaar. Finally, he could get rid of handyman's work, could stop feeding the horse, could stop removing the water to wash his feet and could stop reducing his monthly wages for the listless Soythe.

To Tatara, Soythe seemed honest and was simply a replica of the uncultured Shaar. He was frank but then he was also equally sly and cunning. So among of these three people, he was the only magician.

However, Tatara's good days finally came to an end...

At the tenth day, Shaar was passing a town escorted by cavalry sent by a garrison commander in the next town. This place belonged to a Baron. There were beautiful mansions in the barony just outside of the town.

As a noble, the baron was quite reserved. He did not personally entertain the Shaar, and he sent his underlings to be accountable for taking care of Shaar. The underlings were doing the same practices as before to take good care of Shaar. But at last, there was an extra treatment...

That night, Shaar was having a nice meal in a hotel. A man who looked like the housekeeper quietly demanded his men for an arrangement. The careful housekeeper saw the men of rank were all alone on their way. The men of rank actually did not bring along any maids which did not the travel habits of great men. It could be the men had just left the military, therefore they would be so simply-packed.

However, it was their responsibility to please the guests!

The butler had the authority to spend a decent sum of money. An ordinary girl would not be able to fulfil the extravagant general's need.

Therefore, he decided to directly put some money into getting a better one.

He sent someone to the city's best brothel. With a large amount of money, he brought over the most famous and beautiful girls. The butler carefully eyed one of the girls. She had a fine waist, thin legs and big chests. It was also a rarity that the girl had some foreign blood lineages. Her skin was fairer than the average Byzantine woman and her eyes were of a rare amber.

The butler's heart felt quite sorry for a while for sending such a fine woman to the uncivilized general.

He allowed the beautiful girl to dress up and sent her to the Shaar's room...

But he was not aware of the things that were to happen...

But then, just after the girl was taken to the room, within a few minutes, a sudden scream was heard from within..

"Ghost!"

With two popping sounds, the girl was screaming out the door. A pair of youthful eyes on her originally enchanting face was printed with the imprint of two fists and looked just like a certain kind of legendary animal found in the distant east and that was called a "Panda".

Then, he saw Shaar with a naked body, wrapped in a blanket and rushing out of the house. His hand was holding a fire fork and angrily shouted, "Anyone here! Anyone here! Where was the female ghost who attacked me?"

That woman had never had such an experience. Although she was not the best-looking woman, but in such a small place, she could be easily considered as its greatest beauty. Even the Baron once patronized her!

She witnessed this man with a murderous face holding a weapon that looked like a blade or a sword and rushing at her. The beauty was alarmed, and her face had already suffered for the punches. She screamed suddenly and fell off from stairs, rolling directly from the staircase. The

beauty landed with her delicate face looking like a swollen pig and even her arms were broken. She did not ask for any assistance, and simply struggled up and screamed all the way out of the hotel, desperately escaping...

The butler who was waiting in the hall, saw the anger of the great man who rushed out. Quickly, he stepped forward to ask about it.

"Damn! I had drunk some wine and went back to the room for a sleep. In the midst of the sleep, there were hands touching me. I opened my eyes and looked. I beheld such an ugly beast! I still thought that I actually had a nightmares of the ghost!" Shaar firmly shook his head, "Fortunately, I had a fast reaction before this female ghost bit me, and I locked in my fist to hit her! "

The butler was speechless. "..."

Finally after some explanation, everything was clearly figured, but Shaar was indignant, "Are you guys bullying me! I did not ask for a woman to stay with me. But since you have arranged for that, even a girl with an average looking, I would still accept as a gift... However, by getting such woman with a look of a ghost, do you think I am good to be fooled?"



# Credits

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Epub: [Estevam](#) / [dotNOVEL](#)